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The Millsaps Collegian

Vol. 11. Jackson, Miss., October, 1908. No. 1.

The Meeting of the Orient and Occident.

(Speech delivered by C. H. Kirkland in the Misssissippi Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, Meridian, Miss., May, 1908.)

When the curtain of history is first drawn, there is neither an Orient nor an Occident. For many centuries we observe no fundamental change in the history of the world's development. There is no trace of the inevitable conflict. But during the fifth century previous to the Christian era, the liberty-loving and ever progressing population of Hellenic speech and culture excites the jealousy of the Persian king, whose authority is unquestioned from the Punjab of Asia to the valley of the Nile. Inspired with the fanciful dream of a world empire, encouraged by the intoxicating effects of despotic power, the monarch of Asia and Egypt sets out for the conquest of Greece. Well might consternation seize the world, for the countless numbers in the army of Darius were in truth the forces of the Orient marching to combat the youthful Occident. The fate of the world was in the balance, but Marathon was won, and as the Athenian messenger proclaimed "Victory is ours," the decree went forth that the despotism of the East should be eclipsed by the freedom of the West.

It is provided in the Constitution of the Mississippi State Oratorical Association that the representatives of the Colleges shall have their speeches published in their respective College journals at some time during the year succeeding the contest.

After this defeat at the hands of the "Young giant of the West" the Persian Empire recoiled, and in two centuries her sceptre had fallen to be regained no more forever. The seat of power had changed, and the plains of ancient culture were flooded with the back-water of civilization.

How different has been the history of the West. Classic Greece crumbled before the iron hand of Imperial Rome. The new Mistress of the World was called to meet her fate at the hands of the barbaric hordes of Europe in order that the civilization she represented might be more lasting than her "Eternal City." Westward drifts the course of Empire. The mart of the world was transferred from the tideless Mediterranean to the restless Atlantic. And now the vanguard of our aggressive civilization has occupied the islands of the Pacific, and broken down the closed doors of Japan and China. The Occident is slowly but consciously drifting towards the Orient. Safety cries for a halt; Destiny says, "Move on." Let the Occident hear the clarion voice of wisdom, "Know thyself and give heed to thine adversary."

What is this Eastern question? Is the Western world in danger of being conquered? Our every sentiment responds in thunderous negatives. The fundamental question is whether the two civilizations can be harmonized; whether intelligence will surrender and brute force reign supreme.

The caste spirit of Hindooism regards men as mere portions of a larger unity in which their existence is wholly swallowed up. The family is one continuous entity, a part of which lived in the past, a part is living, and a part is yet to come. Its social and industrial position was decided long since, and to aspire to a more worthy place is a crime against the higher caste, to sink to a lower level is a disgrace of which the simple heathen lives in constant dread. Inventive genius is stifled for fear of unsettling industrial conditions, scientific and historical education is prohibited that the ancient system may remain undisturbed. With no education save the memory, with no incentive to think or achieve, the Celestials have

become an indolent, self-centered people. How pitiable is the man born to live, labor and die with no wreaths of honor to crown a triumph! . . . . . .

This degraded and dismal life of domestic servitude enshrouds the home in an atmosphere of gloom. Children ushered into life without love, have their early impressions darkened by the pall of maternal disrespect. With this woeful introduction to life the man mechanically moves out to take his place in a world, already stagnant with fatalism. Finding no heart strings that vibrate in unison with his own, he patiently awaits and longs for the lifeless "Nirvana of the soul." With all the finer qualities of the soul unused, with a painful lack of affection in every relation of life, the Orient knows not the virtue of human sympathy nor the blessings of woman's love.

The Eastern philosopher has continually dreamed of the golden age in the ideal past. Having witnessed no reform for ages, gazing with despair on the last lingering ray from the sun long set, steeped in delusion that the future holds nothing but evil, it is natural that the Celestials should weary of the world.

Their God of the Golden Age has given them over to the reign of their tormentors; their sacrifice and worship are directed to the demons whose wrath they hope to appease. Through a negative religion, offering no rewards and prompting no holy aspirations, pessimism has become the prevailing spirit of the Orient. With a history of such monotonous uniformity, with the prevalence of absolutism and the degredation of woman, bound with innumerable ties to an irrevocable past, the East has developed a spirit of pessimism which constitutes the gravest problem confronting the Western world.

With the question stated, let us now examine our own civilization that we may marshal our forces to meet the coming conflict. Naturally we turn to the home where we recognize an element of strength in the intellectual and social equality of woman. Happy are we, that the lasting impressions of

youth are not made by mothers who are crying for deliverance from the shackles of servitude. The "Queen of the Home" is the gentle but mighty force which moulds the character of the men who are to shape the destiny of the West.

But back of this power of the home is the power of Western ideals. With the decline of the backward-gazing Pagan philosophy, Christianity became the religion of the Western world. In the Man of Galilee, they caught a vision of the star of hope, and like the wise men of old we have followed the gleam. Past-dreaming was superseded by future-thinking; Epimetheus was bound and Prometheus crowned.

Under the magnetic influence of this great ideal, there came a thirst for knowledge throughout the realms of human thought. Denying the power of heathen gods, and unwilling to bow in submission to a tyrannical monarch, man began to assert his claims to freedom and individual rights. The criterion of truth was no longer the decree of the Church, nor the mandate of a king, but the rights of living men. This movement towards individualism and personal responsibility, toward the enfranchisement of the man in all his rights, powers and capacities, has been the source of every step in progress. Freedom demolished feudalism; personal initiative and human rights over-turned every stronghold of absolutism, and on the ruins was raised the beautiful Temple of Liberty, dedicated to individual rights and the equality of man. The discipline of hard experience has developed the Western type of man with all his tenacity of purpose, determination in the face of opposition, love for action, and hunger for power.

Yet the future still beckons, for,

"Through the gate that bars the distance
Comes the gleam of what is higher."

The genius of Western civilization is the law of progress. Great ideals continue to inspire men with loftier conceptions, and instead of moving in fatal cycles round and round with

no advance, Western civilization moves forward into new and better fields,

"A follower of the vision, still
In motion to the distant gleam."

Our broader vision of society no longer accepts ancestral philosophy as expressing the purest wisdom, nor does it regard the omnipotent present as knowing no duty save to existing sovereign people. The prophetic Edmund Burke expressed the sentiment of modern democracy when he said that society is a partnership not only between the living, but between the living, the dead and those who are yet unborn. "The social contract," he declares, "is no more than a clause in the great contract of eternal society." Even the omnipotent state has no right to pass laws prejudicial to progress, for we the living, are under the profoundest responsibility to that silent but majestic majority yet in the Infinite future. The creed of Western statesmanship is not immediate utilitarianism, but far-sighted sacrificial service. Not the interest of the individual, or of the state, but the welfare of society is the standard for measuring the good or ill of every policy.

With a history rich in glorious deeds, with a full consciousness of personal security and individual rights, with the inspiration of such lofty ideals and the recognition of such tremendous responsibility, is it strange that the very soul of our social organization should be pervaded by the missionary spirit of Western progress and the hope of final triumph for Western civilization? Is it not in keeping with our ideals; is it not under the guidance of that star which has led us on and upward, that our political philosophers dream of a realized golden age in the future, that our poets sing,

"Of knowledge fusing class with class,
Of civic Hate no more to be,
Of love, to leaven all the mass,
Till every soul be free."

But the world movement now in progress is challenging the power of this conception. The genius of the West must

face the gloom of Oriental pessimism. The world wants to see whether our civilization shall crumble under the action of Eastern ideals, whether the wheels of progress shall be chained, the rights of man denied, and woman degraded.

Shall we fear the conflict? Fail? If fail we do, it will be the result of a suicidal neglect of the ideals that have borne us through numberless dangers in the past. Let the Occident accept the responsibility, gird up its loins and move out to meet the forces of darkness, and it will follow as day the night, that the onward and upward forces of the West will overcome the backward and downward tendencies of the East. If we are true to the higher vision, the fiery shafts of Occidental optimism will pierce the gloom of Oriental pessimism. The scales will fall from the eyes of the teaming millions, who will add their testimony to the power of great ideals. Upon the Oriental crescent will shine the star of the West till out of the chaos of conflicting ideals, there will come a harmony divine. The Orient and the Occident will march under the banner of even-handed justice led by the "King of Truth," when the East from darkness shall roll into light to hasten the coming of a boundless day.

A SUCCESSFUL HOUSE - PARTY.

Laurel Ridge, N. C., Sept. 3, 1907.

DEAREST BESS,—Here I am at this lovely place and I have begun to enjoy myself already. Of course my heaven of happiness is somewhat clouded by the fact that you are not with me. That miserable horse should have been ashamed of itself for running away with you and breaking your arm. Mrs. Grant and Helen are just broken hearted.

But, going back to the beginning: this scenery is beautiful. After a delightful drive from the little station of Brownsville I arrived at the house, which is most appropriately called "Laurel Ridge." It is on a rocky ledge about half way up the mountain and is hidden from the road by a number of

huge boulders. There is a regular forest of pine-trees around the house, which is the very ideal of roomy comfort, and the air is filled with the fragrance of the laurel which grows in clusters along the mountain side. Now, I am sure you can imagine how everything looks, and I wish that you were here for your artistic eye would see many beauties which my inexperienced pen cannot picture.

None of the masculine members of the party have arrived except Tom Stebbins, who came this morning. He expected to find you here and of all the woe-begone expressions one ever saw, his was the worst, when the news of your mishap was gently broken to him. He will even be denied the joys of a correspondence as it is your right arm which is broken. I will try to cheer him up, and will write you about everything that happens.

It is now time to dress for dinner, and I will have to stop my rambling pen, but I will not make you wait long for another letter. This one-sided correspondence is very unsatisfactory, but be sure and make your mother let me know how you are getting along, and I'll do my best to make you appreciate the lovely time we are having. Remember that I think of you always. Lovingly, JANE.

September 7, 1907.

Oh, Bess, something exciting is going to happen, I am sure, for I feel it in my bones. To begin with, Harry Edwards wrote Helen that he could not come as he had been ordered to Chicago by his firm, and could not possibly return before the twentieth.

That left Helen "shy" one man, for there are five of us girls and just five boys counting Tom Stebbins, who really does not count, now that you are not here. She didn't know what to do and was feeling terribly cut up about it, when she suddenly received a telegram saying that Alfred Ross was coming. You know he is her cousin who has just returned from Egypt, where he has been studying all sorts of zoo or gee

or archae-ological specimen. Well, she was tickled to death, for although he is said to be a stick he is a man, and just now that latter article is sadly needed.

Helen has informed me that he once said that the "frivulous, butterfly type of womanhood" did not appeal to him. Stephen Blount has promised me that he will not leave my side when that man is near for he would find out in a minute how foolish and frivolous I really am.

Here I am running on at a great pace, and telling you nothing. But I suppose Tom has told you about everything, as he is usually to be found in the living room, pen in hand, writing to a certain young lady who is very dearly loved by him. JANE NEWMAN.

September 9, 1907.

Dear Bess—He arrived yesterday, and my feeling that something exciting was going to happen, was not disappointed. All of the crowd went fishing and as I see no fun in sitting in the sun sticking worms on a hook and patiently waiting for a bite, I complained of a headache and remained at home.

Soon Helen came up and asked me to drive to the station for the mail, as she had something else to do. This is considered quite an honor so I readily assented. The horse is one of that gentle, plodding kind and I was not the least bit frightened, when all of a sudden I turned a bend in the road and there stood a dusty, travel-worn fellow. He asked me to direct him to Laurel Ridge. I saw how warm and tired he looked, so I plucked up courage and after telling him my name and destination I asked him to get in the little dog cart and told him I would carry him there. He seemed so pleased, and pulled out his card-case. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I saw there in black and white, "Alfred Whitman Ross, M. A., Ph. D." and a whole lot of other titles too numerous to mention. It was too late for me to try to crawl out of my predicament, so we drove on, he talking

merrily, but I as silent as the grave, for I remembered what Helen had said, and tried not to expose my frivolous nature. . . . When we arrived at the lodge I went immediately to my room and remained there until time for lunch. I have seen very little of him since as Stephen has kept his word and protected me right nobly.

Here I must stop although I have not written you a thing that counts, but I'll let Tom write you about the scenery as I always have something else to tell you.

Fondly, JANE.

September 13, 1907.

DEAR BESS—I have only a few minutes in which to write this, as I have promised to go walking with Mr. Ross. By the way, he is awfully nice and really quite handsome. I am as well as can be and am having the time of my life, you know we are going somewhere or having a good time at home all the time, and I am sure I will be quite worn out when it is over. We went on a moonlight drive last night, and Mr. Ross sat next to me in the wagon. He talks beautifully, but I really didn't enjoy it as Stephen Blount sat right next to me and took up most of the room and conversation. I don't see how I ever admired him, he is such a bore.

I am so glad your arm is better, and tell Mrs. Bartlett I enjoyed her letter so much. Give my love to her and keep lots for yourself. Hurriedly, JANE.

September 20, 1907.

My dear Bess—It is cruel of me to treat you thus, but really I haven't had a single moment in which I might write to you. The house-party will break up on the first, so we have only nine days in which we may enjoy ourselves. Mr. Ross is grand to me and told Helen he thought I was "very bright." If such a thing were possible I would say that he is in love with me, but I really don't care for him except as a friend and then I have known him such a short time. However, he

is not near so solemn as I thought, and he is twenty-seven years old—you know that is just eight years older than I.

Just think, I will be passing thru Atlanta ten days from now, and you must be sure and meet me at the station. Mr. Ross is coming that far with me as he has some business to transact there. I suppose you will see him. Tom is losing his appetite and getting very thin, he pretends to be very happy. We think this pretense very absurd as all know that he is pining for you. JANE N.

September 28, 1907.

Dearest Bess—Every day brings me nearer the close of one of the most delightful three weeks I have ever spent. I have made so many dear friends who will remind me that this enjoyable period has not been a dream from which I will soon awake to face again the realities of life—my, that sounds poetic, but I am in a poetic mood this morning. for I am happy. That little word does not by any means express my feelings, but I will leave the latter to your imagination, and tell you that I am engaged! Now, aren't you surprised? I have known him such a short time, but it was "love at first sight" with him, and on my side it was nearly as bad. Just as soon as he can get father's permission we are going to be married. There will not be any big church affair, as we are both opposed to such a proceeding, but everything will be quiet and lovely. Wish me much joy. From what I have heard, I think you and Tom will follow suit shortly. If so, congratulations.

For the last time, perhaps, JANE NEWMAN.

Telegram from Miss Bessie Bartlett to Mrs. Alfred Whitman Ross:

October 10, 1907.

Dear Jane—Uncounted good wishes in counted words.—Bess.

WILL ANDERSON.

TENNYSON'S USE OF THE BIBLE IN THE IDYLLS.

To estimate the amount of influence exerted on literature by the Book of books is an impossible task. Such has been the case with the sacred literature of every nation. The education of a young man in China, no matter what position he is to hold, is based on a knowledge of what Confucius taught. In fact his sum of learning is to be able to know the most possible words and expressions that were used in the composition of the sacred classics. Permeating the atmosphere of whatever writing or what not is this influence of Confucius. Unlike them the Americans and Englishmen do not make an examination for civil service include a knowledge of the Bible. No such compulsion is attempted, yet no man can claim the name of scholar until he does know the Bible. It is not the will of the ruler that has caused the influence of the Bible in literature, but it is because that Book contains more truth than any other book, and because it is sacred, and possesses the final fiat of Divine authority. So taking a view wherever we may, we can find no author, whether a dissenter or a devotee, who has not felt the silent influence of God's word.

It is our pleasure then to trace this influence as it runs through the Idylls of Tennyson. Over and above the direct references to the Bible numberless instances may be cited showing how the Bible was thought of in the expression. Added to this is the direct influence of God and a reverence for Him who rules the universe by His immutable laws; for the universality of law was Tennyson's belief of first nature. How direct is the influence of the "fair Father Christ" for Arthur fights in the effort to uproot evil and implant purity! It was for the kingdom of Christ that the Table Round existed with its gallant knights and pure-minded king.

Passing now from the general to the specific, let us notice some of the direct references to the Bible.

First, in "The Coming of Arthur" the passage descriptive of Excaliber contains a reference to Exodus XXVIII: 30,

"With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt."

The word, urim, together with thummin, are said to mean "lights and perfections." They were the names given to several objects of some peculiar nature, jewels supposedly, that were set in the High-priest's breast-plate. They were thought to be a kind of traditional oracle, yet no dependence could be placed on the supposed oracle. The decoration of the hilt of Excaliber with these miniature jewels seems to convey to the reader a degree of the mysticism and awe which the Jewish parishioner felt in the presence of the High priest. At any rate, such as this is not contrary to the awe-inspiring method of the manufacture of, or rather birth of, Excaliber.

How direct the influence of the New Testament is the following in "Gareth and Lynette":

"Hear a parable of the knave!"

The words are of exactly the same combination as those of Christ, "Hear ye, therefore, the parable of the sower" (Matt. 13:18), and in reading the idyl we can but think of Holy Writ.

More directly referring to the Bible, however, is the allusion to Luke 15:3-7, the parable of the lost sheep. It is familiar to all that he, who in this parable had one hundred sheep, one of which went astray, went out, leaving behind the ninety-nine, and searched until he had found the hundredth. The conclusion was that as there would be rejoicing over the lost one found, so there would be joy in heaven over one sinner that should repent. In "Balin and Balan" where Tennyson makes use of the reference, it is to describe the career of Sir Balin, who, being possessed of dark and gloomy moods of wrath and a conflict with sensuous desires, one day struck a thrall of Arthur and for his mean anger was banished from the Table Round until he should prove himself worthy to return. The bold fights at the fountain and the manly action shown when Arthur himself visits him causes Balin, the one lost to the knighthood, to be returned to Camelot in whose hall that very night a feast is made and joy is full. The application of the case in hand to the reference is apparent and meritorious.

Again, in "Balin and Balan" we find,

"Pellam . . . descended from the Saint Arimathaen Joseph," . . .

who in the time of Christ was a disciple, "but secretly for fear of the Jews," and who, when Christ was crucified, begged Pilate for **corpus Christi** that he might bury it—which he did, using his new, unused tomb. Tennyson makes Pellam the descendant of this man. Is it not of significance that Pellam is a hermit, living without human beings around him? He goes not out to war openly as does Arthur, but he would please heaven by living secretly a disciple of Christ. Compare the work of Arthur and that of Pellam: Arthur preaches a living, active Christ, with his knights the policemen to punish the wrong-doer; Pellam practices a dead, inactive Christianity with his Garlon, the licensed villain whom Pellam cannot restrain, to molest modest men. How like Joseph and Paul are they! Joseph lives a disciple in secret for fear of the Jews; Paul preaches Christ even if Jews stone him and Romans finally behead him. Gray Pellam hides himself in a gray monastery, but bold Arthur fights against the principalities of evil in his realm.

The idea that the spear, with which the Roman soldier pierced the side of Christ, was taken over to that country by the "Holy Joseph" was but legendary. It would be a large cross, a large crown, a large spear, if each part of these claimed by different ones were a part of the uncounterfeited original.

Another reference is made to I John 4:18,

"As Love, if Love be perfect, casts out fear,
So Hate, if Hate be perfect, casts out fear."

What John meant by saying that perfect love casts out fear was that if the Christian had in him a supreme love for God and man, he would so perform his duty during life, that when death should come and the judgment, he would have no fear of punishment, but a sense of safety—"boldness in the day of judgment." Is the conclusion drawn by Vivien concerning perfect hate casting out fear a correct one? It would seem

that if a thing excites our hate, it must contain harm for us, and that if it contains evil against us, we should fear it. But it is in the perfectness of the hatred that no fear is felt. Perfect love leads to heaven; but perfect hate kills men without fear or compunction—until the deeds be enacted. In this same "Merlin and Vivien" in another reference, to Psalms 14:1 where it is said that no man is good. The fool said this—so did tampering, tempting Vivien; there are good men in the world, even if Vivien did say,

"There is no being pure, my cherub."

Another good reference to the Bible is found in "The Holy Grail,"

"Lo, now," said Arthur, "have ye seen a cloud?
What go ye into the wilderness to see?"

The conversation had been concerning the Holy Grail, and Arthur was inquiring the advisability of men unworthy to search and see the vision. The reference is to Luke 7:24, where the Christ, after receiving messengers from John who sent to find out whether Jesus were the promised Messiah, and after sending an answer to John, spoke to the assembled crowd about John,—asked them if they had gone into the wilderness to see a reed shaken by the wind. Not a reed, but a prophet, than whom a greater had not arisen. Unlike what these knights were seeking in the Holy Grail was whom the people were seeking in John the Baptist. The Holy Grail was well-nigh invisible; it was indeed a cloud or a flame that they were pursuing which they could not attain because their eyes were not pure. But every man tho blinded by sin could see John and experience the real and practical, rather than the vague and impractical, in religion.

More apparent than this, however, is the application to a reference in "The Holy Grail" made to the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee where Christ performed his first miracle—that of turning the water to wine. The host had kept this miraculously created grape-juice till the last, whereas other men at a feast put forth the good wine first and the worse last.

The reference applied is made to fit the case of Lancelot who was the mightiest of Arthur's kinghts. All the others had told their experiences concerning the Grail, but Lancelot was last, not only to speak but in fitness to see; because of his sin with the Queen. So,

"Perhaps, like Him of Cana in Holy Writ,
Our Arthur kept his best until the last."

One direct quotation from I Peter 2:17 we may mention,

"Fear God. Honour the king,"

the only difference being that Tennyson puts a colon between the two commands, while the translation from Peter has a period. Peter does not capitalize "king," but Tennyson does, because he refers to the pure-minded Arthur.

Finally, we may mention,

"As the water Moab saw, Come round by the East."

Moab, the son of Lot, and Moab's descendants lived in a land east of the Dead Sea. The preceding lines indicate that the fire-light from the burning towers lighted up the water of the sea so that they appeared as the waters of the Dead Sea, encroaching upon the land of Moab. "East," because part of this land was a peninsula with waters to the East as well as West.

Thus we see how "in parte" the Bible has influenced Tennyson.

J. C. R.—'08.

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EDITORIALS

The Collegian.

According to the custom, the beginning of another new year finds the Collegian again in charge of new and untried hands. Whatever may be its success will depend in part of course upon the ability and energy of the staff; but this is a small part compared with the responsibility of the student body. The character of our college is in a great measure rated by the character of its magazine, and the character of the magazine

is determined principally by the contributions of the individual student. How great then is the responsibility of each of us. We have as good material here as can be found anywhere, but seem to have fallen into a state of lethargy—a sort of careless way of letting the other fellow furnish material for the magazine. Ask yourself, "What would be the character of our magazine if I were the true representative of all the students?"

Let's wake up! If you have a good story or poem do not be too falsely modest to hand it to the editor; and if you have not, write one. The Sophomores have been furnishing nearly all the short stories, and these were required in the English department. The other classes should not allow this.

Never say you "haven't time." Remember, it is the man who has time for all things that succeeds. It is a matter of record that the men that have taken the most active part in all phases of college life, have made the best records here at Millsaps and are achieving greater success out in the world than the fellows who thought they had no time to spare from books. Let's wake up and make our magazine a worthy representative of our college.

College Organizations.

The time of the one-sided man has passed. This is pre-eminently the day of the all-round man. The world has plenty of the former, but the latter kind can always find a place. The demand is for men in the full sense of the term —men, strong physically to withstand the strain of the strenuous twentieth century life; strong mentally to solve the difficult problems of a complex social, commercial and political fabric; strong morally to resist the great temptations so strong and numerous today. The man that succeeds is he that has what the world needs. The world is not going to favor you simply because you hold a college diploma. You must be able to supply what the world demands.

The college, with its various athletic clubs, literary so-

cieties, college publications, lyceum course, and Y. M. C. A., offers rare opportunities for this three-fold development.

Throw yourself actively into every phase of college life! Go to your football coach and show him the stuff yon are made of, or if you do not care to play football seek the tamer game of tennis, join the "gym", or basket-ball, or track teams. Statistics go to prove that about ninety per cent of the men who succeed in college athletics sccceed in business. Take part in the literary society and get the valuable training of learning to think on your feet. Lend your support to college publications, both financially and otherwise, thus cultivating your literary talents. Take advantage of the lyceum course; be an active member of the Y. M. C. A., and develop your moral nature. You cannot afford not to take advantage of all these opportunities. Get into the habit of being active. Do not be a negative character. Remember the habits you form here are apt to go with you through life.

College Spirit. Above all, let's develop strong college spirit this year. It is true that we are greatly handicapped on account of not being allowed inter-collegiate athletics, but what good can come from grieving? Be a "rooter" and a "booster", and the present state of affairs will not always exist. Get ready for inter-collegiate baseball and the State Oratorical contest next spring!

The New Era. With the opening of this session, Millsaps enters upon a new era. As was announced last year, the new curriculum has been inaugurated and she now stands in the front row of the sisterhood of American Colleges—measuring fully up to the Carnegie standard. Although we are not yet a member of the Association of Colleges, we will have a representative at the next meeting of the Association and will, doubtless, at that time be elected to membership.

As a result of the change, the faculty has been enlarged and Prof. Erwin, of Alabama, and Prof. Noble, of North Carolina, are now numbered among the members of our able faculty. These gentlemen have already demonstrated that the Board of Trustees not only did not make a mistake in selecting them, but that it was a very wise selection. The student body has already become very much attached to them and we feel that this admiration will grow with the passing of the days.

During the summer months Dr. Kern, our efficient librarian, and professor of English, has been busy assorting the books for the purpose of instituting the card system in the library. This entails quite an amount of tedious work, but the system is now nearly complete. This is an invauable addition to the convenience of the library, and the college is greatly indebted to Dr. Kern for this valuable service. Our library now stands second to none in the state—new, modern, up-to-date in every particular.

Our long-talked-about and much-longed-for athletic field is now actually in process of realization. Through the earnest efforts of Dr. Walmsley, and the generosity of Major Millsaps and other friends of our college, we will soon enjoy the advantages of this coveted field. We cannot but believe that this is the beginning of a new era in athletics at Millsaps. Millsaps intends no longer to be a back number in athletics. She has won more than her share of honors in the M. I. O. A., now she intends soon to be a force to be reckoned with in athletics.

We can but expect a great future for our college. Altho our past record is indeed enviable, the future bids fair to far out-strip the past and must surely force thinking Mississippians to the conclusion that Millsaps is great Mississippi's greatest institution.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

THOS. A. STENNIS, Editor.

Well, we are here and it's "up to us"!

Pay your Y. M. C. A. dues and make a liberal subscription to the Budget.

The enrollment this year is very gratifying, and is still increasing.

The gradual increase in popularity of our Preparatory Department has made it necessary for another regular teacher to be added to our Preparatory faculty. Prof. S. G. Noble, a graduate of the University of North Carolina, has been secured. He seems to be a favorite with the Preps.

The chair of Mathematics, which, since the death of Dr. Moore, has been filled by Drs. Sullivan and Walmsley, is now occupied by Prof. Erwin. Prof. Erwin comes to us highly recommended and no doubt his selection will prove to be a wise one.

R. H. Ruff (looking at newly purchased bottle of ink): "Well, I'll declare, I told that man I wanted some ink and he gave me a bottle of writing fluid."

Mr. A. B. Campbell is, according to Rip Peebles, one of the greatest "Athletics" on the campus.

We have heard that Mr. Ringling and all his brothers will be in town soon. Of course, we would like to see this genial, good-natured family but guess that previous engagements will prevent us from greetting our old friends.

The Lyceum Lecture Course promises to be better this session than ever before. The first attraction was "The Saxophone Quartette Company," which appeared before a large audience in the College chapel on the evening of October 29th.

• • The Millsaps Glee Club which achieved such wonderful success last year, has been organized again, and under the guidance of Prof. Moore and Mr. Duke, will prove to be equally as good this year. The marvelous tales told by those who went on the trip to the I. I. & C. last spring have caused about thirty boys to decide that they can sing, so there is no lack of material from which to select, so far as numbers are concerned.

The two societies held their first meeting on the second Friday night in October. The following officers and speakers were elected: GALLOWAY—B. F. Witt, Anniversarian; Tom A. Stennis, Anniversary Orator; R. H. Ruff, Millsaps-Southern Debater; F. S. Williams and W. R. Applewhite, Commencement Debaters; L. B. Jones and M. L. Neill, Mid-Session Debaters; F. S. Williams, Assistant Business Manager of the Annual; R. H. Ruff, President of Society, First Term; J. M. Morse, Vice President; F. L. Applewhite, Treasurer; L. B. Jones, Secretary.

LAMAR—T. L. Bailey, Anniversarian; J. H. M. Brooks, Anniversary Orator; R. J. Mullins, Millsaps-Southern Debater; J. W. Crisler and A. B. Campbell, Commencement Debaters; C. E. Johnson and J. M. Guinn, Mid-Session Debaters; Ed. C. Brewer, Mid-Session Orator; I. C. Enochs, Assistant Business Manager of the Annual; President of Society, First Term, Ralph B. Sharbrough; J. M. Guinn, Vice President; R. C. Berry, Treasurer; R. J. Bingham, Secretary.

Quite an addition has been made to the collection of curios in the museum. For more specific information look in the natural curiosity room.

Dr. Kern (in Senior English class): "Mr. Williams, what are the Arabian Nights'?'

Williams: "They were a crowd of old knights who traveled about in Arabia."

The Kappa Alpha Fraternity entertained its student friends at an informal smoker on the evening of the tenth.

Mr. A. A. Green has been initiated into the ranks of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

The appearance of our dormitory has been improved very much by its new "lid."

Price says that you can get almost anything down at Mr. Rookery's store.

The college classes have met and elected the following officers for the session:

FRESHMAN—President, Fulton Thompson; Vice President, W. E. Smith; Secretary, Miss Cooper; Treasurer, Miss Dodds; Poet, Miss Austin; Historian, Miss Whitson; Sport, D. Thoms.

SOPHOMORE—President, A. C. Anderson; Vice President, C. W. F. Bufkin; Secretary, Miss Parks; Treasurer, Miss Johnson; Poet, S. S. Backstrom; Historian, R. C. Berry; Sport, Haley

JUNIOR—President, R. H. Ruff; Secretary, Miss Bailey; Treasurer, Bratton; Poet, Miss McClure; Historian, R. B. Alexander; Sport, W. E. Phillips.

SENIOR—President, Tom Stennis; Vice President, Miss Spann; Secretary, W. A. Welch; Treasurer, C. C. Hand; Poet, R. B. Sharbrough; Prophet, Miss Ricketts; Historian, R. J. Mullins.

Each class elected football and basket-ball managers whose names will be found in the Athletic Department.

The Law class has elected the following officers: President, Anderson; Vice President, C. H. Kirkland; Secretary, Jackson; Treasurer, J. A. Baker.

Brewster: "How can I spend a million dollars?"

Voice from the "Roost"—"Patronize the Millsaps Book Supply Company."

Ask Dr. Ackland who enthroned the Chinese god in the chapel.

The Millsaps Science Department will be represented at the State Fair this year by one of the most instructive and attractive exhibits ever arranged by any college. The exhibit last year reflected great credit upon our institution and especially upon the Science department. Every person connected in any way with our college should be willing to assist in arranging this exhibit since this is the only way of showing visitors to the Fair that there is a modern, up-to-date college in the Capital City.

Rev. G. W. Bachman was a welcomed visitor on the campus during the opening days of the session. Brother Bachman is Colporter for the two Mississippi Conferences and while here did a thriving business for the interests which he represents.

The Senior Class in Geology expects to make a trip to Starkville and Columbus about the middle of November to study the geological formations and other things of interest in that section of the state. We hear that there is abundant material for study in and near Columbus, and no doubt the expedition will prove to be of immense benefit to the class. In addition to being enabled to study the curious rocks and stones along the banks of the "Big Bee" we will have the pleasure of seeing our many sisters and "cousins" who are attending the I. I. & C.

The recent lecture of Prof. Charles Lane for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. was heard by a small but appreciative audience. Prof. Lane never fails to entertain those who hear him, no matter what the occasion may be.

Quite an addition to the list of publications gotten out by our college will be made this year when the first Millsaps calendar comes from the press. This calendar is being arranged by Dr. Walmsley and the venture should be liberally supported by every Millsaps student. No doubt SHE would

appreciate one very much as a token of your sincere wishes for a happy New Year.

The Glee Club has elected the following officers: C. H. Kirkland, President; T. W. Lewis, Vice President; F. S. Williams, Treasurer; H. T. Moore, Director; J. S. Duke, Manager.

Subscribe for THE COLLEGIAN!

The student friends of the Kappa Sigma boys were delightfully entertained at an informal smoker in the fraternity halls on the evening of October seventeenth.

We hear rumors that Hon. T. Frank Baker has returned. To instruct this year's class, or to take another course in Law —which?

On the evening of the twenty-fourth the Pi Kappa Alphas were the cordial hosts of their student friends at an informal smoker given in their fraternity halls.

We welcome the new Co-eds. May they be a source of inspiration to us.

Be sure to subscribe to the fund for grading the athletic field.

Senior Essay.

The subject for the senior essay this year is "The Influence of Irvin Russell upon Southern Literature."

Advertisements.

We urge the students to patronize those men who advertise in THE COLLEGIAN, because it is largely by their aid that the publication of our magazine is made possible.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

L. BARRETT JONES, Editor.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VIRGINIA.

In "Two Gentlemen of Virginia" George Cary Eggleston has portrayed with pleasing minuteness the life of the old regime in the South. In the preface he states, "I have written solely of things that I personally remember."

One of the pleasing characteristics of the novel is the non-superfluity of characters. The principal persons concerned in the story are: Colonel Shenstone, Greg Tazewell, Mrs. Albemarle, Phil Shenstone, and Valorie Page. It is around the last two that the story turns. In fact, Colonel Shenstone's chief relation to the story is to reveal the characteristics of the ante-bellum days. He also serves to keep Phil in Virginia when he would have gone west.

The love story, which is one of the most charming we have ever read, may well be called a series of misinterpretations.

Phil Shenstone, a Virginian, has in early life cast his fortunes in the West, just beginning to be opened up. There he meets Norman Page, another Virginian, who is a steamboat pilot. The two become fast friends, and when Page dies, Shenstone promises to get Valorie out of a convent, where she had been hidden away by her unkind stepmother, and to care for her. Phil keeps his promise and carries the girl to Colonel Shenstone's home in Virginia; the Colonel makes her his daughter. Tazewell comes on the scene as the family physician, and proceeds to fall "head over heels" in love with Valorie, who rejects him. Tazewell ceases his suit. Phil takes everything as an indication of success for Tazewell.

While Valorie admires Tazewell, she often becomes piqued at him because she thinks he is cold-blooded in his profession; that he only seeks to achieve scientific results, without any thought for humanity. She finds each time that she is wrong.

However, Phil takes their quarrels as "love spats" and so it is all the way through on both sides. Misinterpretation follows misinterpretation on the part of all concerned, until Phil straightened things out.

Mrs. Albemarle adds much to the movement of the story, as does Colonel Shenstone. The author has drawn his characters with almost a perfect touch. They seem real, but not overdrawn.

Several descriptions are given of Valorie as she passes from girlhood to womanhood, but we know of none better than the old negro's observation, "The new little Miss is a thoroughbred." The author's sentimentalistic view is expressed in the following words: "In brief, it is sentiment and sentiment alone, that lifts us above the level of the brute beasts and makes this world something better than a pig-style." Further on, "It is the one redeeming quality that prompts an omniscient God to let men live at all."

All in all, the book is a good one, and we may say of it, as the Colonel said of Valorie, "It will do."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

A new editor of the Exchange Department feels very much as if he had just been introduced to a roomful of strangers, and asked to give his opinion of them—not behind their backs, but in full view of every one of them. Rather a difficult matter, is it not? And one with which it is sometimes hard to deal justly, for when a bit of praise or when a word of blame will do most good, is a thing that few of us know. Especially if one happens to be a little backward about expressing his views among so many, and feels conscious of the fact that he himself is not the embodiment of all perfection, he may be tempted to twiddle his thumbs and make disconnected re-

marks about the weather. However, let us hope that we shall shortly become better acquainted, that the good impressions of early acquaintance may not wear off, and that unsuspected good qualities may develop in every one of us.

In looking through the pile of April and May exchanges we find that the Baylor Literary for April is a magazine whose neat attractive cover invites a look within. Nor is one disappointed by doing so. "Bob Bingham's Greatest Temptation" is a story which is interesting because it deals with what has become a problem to almost every college graduate who is a good ball-player. He has to decide whether to take a position as a pitcher or half-back on a baseball or football team at a salary of three or four hundred dollars a month, or to do such work some as teaching, at less than half that amount. To resist the temptation involved calls for more than ordinary strength of character. This "Bob Bingham" did, furnishing an example which others would do well to follow. "The Mocking Bird" is a simple, unpretentious bit of verse, which possesses a spontaneity and a melody that is somewhat rare in college made verse in which meter is too often sacrificed to the demands of rhyme. "The Bun-Seller" is a well told story. The editorial on the value of an Exchange Department ito a college magazine is especially good.

The Hendrix College Mirror contains a very good paper on Theodore Roosevelt, but the magazine would be improved, we think, were there fewer locals and more stories and poetry.

The Reveiw and Bulletin (Southern University) for April, makes appreciative mention of our honored Dr. J. A. Moore, whose memory we also cherish, and whose death was preceded only a few weeks by that of his friend and colleague in the University faculty, Dr. F. M. Peterson.

The May-June number of the University of Virginia Magazine has a full table of contents and offers such a variety of subjects well treated that it is not easy to select any one for special notice. It may be that this exchange editor's

preference is unduly affected by sectional bias, but we have read with special interest "New Orleans," the fourth of a Series of Contributions by Sol Weiss, 1907, on "Some Charming Southern Cities."

The call for "copy" so soon after the opening of our college makes it necessary for us to defer comment on other exchanges, of which the following have been received: The Piedmontonian, Baylor Literary, The Spectator, The Columbia Collegian, College Reflector, Whitworth Clionian, Hamiltonian, Review and Bulletin, Andrew College Journal, University of Virginia Magazine, St. Mary's Muse, Tennessee College Magazine, The Hendrix College Mirror, Ouachita Ripples, University of Mississippi Magazine, Randolph-Macon Monthly.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

We who are interested in the Young Men's Christian Association at Millsaps are expecting greater things this session than ever before. The interest with which many students and especially officers and committeemen have begun the work is very gratifying. We believe that there has never been a time when students seemed more determined to do their best than at present. And, if there are any students who are not acquainted with the Association work, and are ignorant of the great object to which all efforts are being directed, we would impress on them the fact that its aim is not to increase the "goody-good" type of men; it stands for the reclamation and uplifting of the men of tomorrow in body, mind and soul, and its purpose is to make each man more fitted for his particular work. It is not calculated to detract from the courage of a soldier in battle line, nor cause a student to shun hard struggles on the gridiron.

President Roosevelt very ably expressed the workings of the Associations when he said, "What I like about the work

of the Young Men's Christian Association is that it mixes religion with common sense."

The reception committee, assisted by the ladies of the campus, very efficiently provided for the annual Y. M. C. A. reception, which was given on Friday evening, October the tenth. On this occasion, students, both new and old, together with the members of the faculty and friends about the campus met and enjoyed a generally good time. These receptions are of the greatest importance to the Y. M. C. A. By this means every student is brought into contact with every other student and the entire student body is better prepared to work together in pushing forward any movement.

The devotional committee was very fortunate in securing the service of Professor Ricketts, who delivered our opening address. He portrayed the "ideal man" and made a strong and earnest appeal to us all to be "men indeed in whom there is no guile." This committee has planned to have the several "life work" addresses delivered during the session. Bishop Galloway will begin this series by presenting "The Ministry as a Life Work."

Dr. Hutton, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Jackson, delivered an address to a large number of students Friday night, October the 16th. This was a rare opportunity, and our only regret is that the entire student body was not present. The subject of the address was, "The Ideal of Culture." In the discourse he pictured Christ as the ideal of culture and emphasized in his impressive way that the man who is nearest like the Christ is the cultured man.

We cannot calculate the value of such an address as this was, especially since it was delivered at the beginning of a session, when, no doubt, the fates of some were trembling between good and evil, courage and cowardice.

While we know that all the influence of this lecture cannot be realized at present, we feel sure that like Pippa, of whom Browning wrote, who, by the touching purity and gladness of her voice and the significant words she uttered, saved four

persons whose lives were at the turning point, and who sank to sleep that night ignorant of the service she had done. We, too, are unconscious of a great part of the influence of this profound lecture will have in moulding characters in the lives around us.

The day has passed and forever gone when organizations can successfully run for any length of time without money. Today the demands are greater than ever before. It is not surprising to say that our Association must have very near six hundred dollars in order to defray the expenses of this session. The success in operating the "budget" system last session leads the finance committee to adopt the same plan again and with greater hope of success. This plan has been pursued in all the leading institutions and with satisfactory results. The students can be of wonderful help to this committee in carrying out this plan by making an early settlement of all dues and subscriptions.

The following is a statement of the plan:

RECEIPTS.

Student subscriptions	$175.00
Membership Dues	150.00
City	100.00
Alumni	70.00
Faculty	50.00
Ruston, Fund on hand	45.00
Total	$590.00

EXPENDITURES.

Ruston Conference	$250.00
Speakers	70.00
Y. M. C. A. Hall improvement	70.00
Y. M. C. A. Hand Book	75.00
Social	50.00
International Y. M. C. A. Conference	25.00
Advertisements	20.00
Incidental Expenses	30.00
Total	$590.00

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. J. MULLINS, Editor

It has always been the custom in this department, it seems, to chronicle marriages or visits of "old men" to the campus. I do not mean to criticise my predecessors, nor do I propose to set up a new prestige that would be very difficult. Our alumni are as successful in business as in marrying, and to tell of their numerous achievements would be monotonous, so you need not look for anything out of the ordinary from this department.

At the meeting of the Alumni Association during the Commencement, M. S. Pittman, '05, was elected President; W. S. Ridgeway, '08, Secretary, and T. M. Bradley, '05, Annual Orator for 1909. The attendance at this meeting was not very good. It seems that after men get out of college they are prone to forget their Alma Mater, and become engrossed in business affairs. To one in college this is inexcusable, in fact, almost criminal. Every Millsaps graduate should endeavor to at least attend the meetings of the Association, and visit the scenes of his happiest days annually if not oftener.

The members of the class of '08 are already entering the business world, some as teachers, merchants, preachers, chemists, and others have entered universities for further completion of their education. This was an unusually bright class and as they have already shown its members will be as successful in business as they were with those problems in Math., Latin, etc.

G. C. Terrell, '07, was on the campus during the opening days. He returned to Tulane where he is taking a medical course.

The members of the Lamar Society were very much pleased to have Wirt A. Williams, '07, at their first meeting. Wirt was an old "stand-by" of the Society and everyone was

glad to see him again. He is now located at Edwards, Miss., principal of the High School there.

Among those who have participated in matrimony of late are J. Lambert Neill, '06, C. R. Ridgeway, '04, Jeff Collins, of 1908, and Charlton Alexander, '06.

C. H. Kirkland, '08, and J. A. Baker, '07, are members of the law class this session.

An excellent opportunity is now given the Alumni to show loyalty to their college. The grading of the athletic field recently given the college by Major Millsaps, will cost over six hundred dollars. Nearly half of this has been raised from the students, and the balance must come from the Alumni. Some of the members in town have already subscribed, and we hope the Secretary of the Athletic Association will be kept busy cashing checks from outside men.

Messrs. J. A. Blount, '08, and F. L. Barrier, '05, were recent campus visitors.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

C. C. HAND, Editor.

Have you contributed to the Athletic Field Fund? If not, do so at once! Get busy, boys, we have got things started, and let's do all in our power to reinstate at Millsaps our long-lost friend—Intercollegiate Athletics. This field will be a great step in that direction. It will enable us to bring other teams here, which under present conditions, we cannot do. Above all, the college spirit which it will develop, will be directed so strongly toward athletics that not even Conference can withstand its power.

Let's try and imbibe some of Dr. Walmsley's overflowing spirit, and co-operate with him in this work. We, as a student body, should hang our heads in shame for permitting a member

of the Faculty to exert himself more in our behalf than we ourselves do.

· · We are glad to note that the contract has been given to Brown Bros., and that operations have already begun, but, fellows, there is more money needed. To make it anything like what it ought to be, we need a place where the fair "rooters" can rest, undisturbed by the fearful rays of the sun; also a barrier to prevent the eager eyes of the stingy bum from enjoying free what others pay for.

Tis true, we will not have inter-collegiate football this season, but if every one will get out and work with class teams we can develop such material for next year, that Millsaps will be able to hold her own with the best of them. Already the purple and white warriors have entered upon the hard preliminary practice of football. "The thumping of the pigskin" is heard daily from four to six. To pick a winner at this early date is almost an utter impossibility, though indications seem to point towards the Juniors and Sophs., once more battling for supremacy. Owing to the fact that the Seniors have but ten men and two co-eds, a team from such a source is a decided impossibility. Some of their number, however, are rendering their valuable services to other teoms Applewhite and Sharbrough have enlisted with the Juniors; Brooks and Welch, with the Sophomores; and Bailey and Mullens, with the Freshmen. These men by virtue of their experience will greatly strengthen these various teams. We fear the remaining Seniors will be forced to content themselves with "tiddle winks, pink teas and mumble-peg."

The Juniors, under the efficient leadership of Prof. Moore, are progressing rapidly. Led by Captain Campbell and Manager Bratton, the team should march on to victory with flying colors. The loss of some six or seven of last year's men has been a draw-back, but new material is fast developing.

Dr. Kern is still coaching his last year's squad, having lost only four of his men. He displayed his skill last year, and

like Dan McGugin of Vanderbilt, is a power to be reckoned with. Captain Chas. Galloway and Manager Jones are confident of success, and according to the unsophisticated "dope" that flows from one A. R. Peeples, the Sophs will have a team that will not only defeat the other classes, but will figure largely in the championship of the S. I. A. A.

The Freshmen necessarily have a large per cent of green material, but Manager Cavett promises to develop a strong team. The Freshmen are working under the disadvantage of not having a regular coach. We watch with interest their development.

The Preps under Prof. Noble, bid fair to be a factor in the championship of the College. Prof. Noble is an experienced coach and though his material is exceedingly "green," he is fast developing a squad that will make it interesting for the more experienced teams.

Indications now point to great things in baseball next spring. With Manager Jones to arrange games and a high spirit running through all the boys, we should be able to play many teams and "mop up" with them, too.

Quarterback Gass has purchased weights with which to anchor himself on windy days.

Ganns Johnson received a black eye while trying to break through the Juniors' warlike line.

Manager Jones, of the Sophs. has lost much time on account of sickness.

Senior football players are on sale by Prof. Walmsley. The receipts will be used to build a new gymnasium.

Prof. Moore, the Junior coach, has devised a new method of falling on the ball. Take notice! Ask Prof. Moore if he will allow special students to participate in inter-class football.

The Millsaps Collegian

Vol. 11. Jackson, Miss., November, 1908. No. 2.

A Plea for Justice to Poe.

(Sophomore prize Oration, 1907, delivered by Robt. H. Ruff.)

Sometimes we are prone to crown mediocrity and neglect genius. Ephemeral writers are read and praised while others who are destined to live in their story and song are left to be crowned by those of a later day. The American people, especially, are prone to this error. We have not the keen critical judgment of the English nor the Frenchman's appreciation of merit wherever found. In the history of writers nowhere is there a more striking example of neglected genius than that of Edgar Alan Poe.

That he was a genius and a poet of rare gifts cannot be questioned. The world-wide recognition of his works is a proof of this. His sad and tragic life, too often has been misunderstood by his critics. They have allowed this to prejudice them against his works. His irascible temperament and weaknesses were inherited. His father followed the stage for a living and possessed that temperament peculiar to those of this profession. His hereditary traits, together with his marvelous precocity were shown at an early age. This peculiar temperament inherited from his theatre-loving parents, combined with "the rich currents of Scotch and Irish blood which ran through his palpitating veins produced a psychic blend unlike that of any other American poet."

After the death of his parents, this wierd child was thrown upon a cold and cheerless world. He was soon adopted by a

friend; yet he did not receive a mother's love and sympathy which were necessary for the development of the better nature of this timid and imperious orphan. That he yearned for a mother's love was shown when he was kissed by Mrs. Stanard, the mother of his school friend. This token of motherly affection so touched Poe that he wept—his whole being was thrilled and a love hitherto unknown to him filled his childish heart. This kind act affected his whole life. After Mrs. Stanard's death, Poe nightly haunted her grave and addressed to her that sublime poem, "To Helen." Later he personified her life in his angel-like characters, the Lenores and Ullalumes of whom he sang so beautifully.

A close study of Poe's wierd life reveals the fact that he was a man of dual natures. These two natures were constantly striving for the supremacy,

"Two natures in him strove,
Like day with night, his sunshine and his gloom."

In him we have the concrete embodiment of Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Like Mr. Hyde, his evil nature, the "Imp of the Cup," was finally to reign supreme. The evil part first gained the ascendency while Poe was a student at West Point. When it became his master he deliberately set about to undo the exemplary record he had made as a soldier. But it is after his career as a student closes and his sad career as a man begins that these dual natures stand out in bold contrast.

It was under the supremacy of the Jekyll nature that he reached his greatest heights and gave to his unappreciative countrymen such works as "Ligeia" and "The Raven." At times it seemed that the good would be victorious; he would choose the better part, yet lacked the strength to keep it. Heredity, station and training were against him. Soon it became evident that the better self was playing a losing game. The citadel is no more secure than the weakest part in its defences.

Perhaps there is no better illustration of Poe's dual life than one of his characters, William Wilson. Continually,

Wilson was haunted by his conscience in the form of a double, which represented the upward strivings of his soul. This double always appeared and warned the real Wilson when he was contemplating an evil deed. Once when his double appeared, Wilson in a fit of anger slew it and became his own master. Thereafter the evil reigned supreme in Wilson's life.

It also seems that the better Poe, like Jekyll, changed not only his facial expression but also the contour of his head as he more and more gave reign to the evil forces in his life, and as the Mr. Hyde in him gradually became supreme. This is shown by two life sketches painted by an artist—one pictures Poe while in his better season, and the other just before his death. The first portrait represents a man who is master of himself,—every feature denoting refinement and culture; eyes keen and penetrating, and the countenance of a gentleman is plain; while in the second picture we have a man with a cynical sneer on his lips, one side of his face more highly developed than the other, his neck veins enlarged and the marks of dissipation all over his face show that his better self is gone. However, his evil side was not of the base and immoral kind, as shown by the remarkable cleanness and purity of his writings. Even "in his lowest estate the great traditions of art were safe in his hands."

The most touching side of Poe's life is shown in his devotion for his child-wife. A love almost supernatural was kindled in him when he married his thirteen-year-old cousin—a love that proved a beacon light through his years of poverty and adversity. In his most trying hours this love seemed to glow brighter; even his most malignant enemies cannot but admire and praise this affection. Nine years before the poet's death his wife received an injury from which she suffered untold agonies for six years. In speaking of the times when she endured pain worse than death, Poe said, "Each time I felt all the agonies of death; I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity. But I am constitutionally sensitive; nervous in a very unusual degree. I

became insane with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness, I drank—God only knows how often or how much."

After her death "Poe was a broken man, an unstrung harp wildly and wistfully singing of things long gone by—'a seraph harper, Israfel'—that had lost his harp or sat discrowned and disconsolate among the asphodels." He was fast being drawn to the bottom of that awful maelstrom which caused his mental and moral wreck. At last this supremely gifted man wrecked by unmerciful disaster was compelled to eat husk with swine. Soon one of the most tragic lives in our history was ended. Yet before his death, swan-like, he poured forth his most beautiful songs.

As Poe was dual in life so he has been dual in posthumous fame. Abroad he is Dr. Jekyll, while at home he is Mr. Hyde. He is truly a "prophet not without honor save in his own country." The Mr. Hyde of his life has been siezed upon by his enemies and calumniators that they might vent their petty spite. We have allowed these vilifiers who were the victims of his just and scathing criticisms to blind our eyes to one who is comparable with Keats and Shelley. They were afraid to slander and calumniate his character while he was living; but as soon as they knew he was no longer able to wield the pen so scathing in the denunciation of literary parasites, they fell upon his character and reputation with all the greed and voraciousness of hungry vultures. They paint him as black as the most heinous demon in hell and would have us believe that he was devoid of a redeeming trait or a compensating virtue. And, unfortunately this has had much to do with the low place accorded him in American literature. Only a short time ago his name was denied a place in that "grim necropolis of mediocrity" in New York City. The indignation toward this insignificant act has been well expressed,

"Into the charnel house of Fame
The dead alone should go;
Then place not there the living name
Of Edgar Alan Poe."

There was another force even stronger than his wayward life and malignant enemies in keeping Poe from the honor and fame that is due him. This was the spirit of Puritanism, better known as the Heresy of the Didactic, which was dominating our literature in Poe's time. Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell had set up the Didactic standard and when a poet did not follow their model he was quickly branded as a heretic. A poem was judged by the moral it taught. This was the only idea the early Americans had. No wonder they fought the iconoclast Poe who stood for "art, for art's sake alone." Beauty, he held was the chief end of poetry. According to his standard the poet's chief object was to give pleasure to the soul and to image the beautiful. To him Beauty was a definite conception, a force to uplift the human race into a better world and to bring man into closest contact with the divine. This principal so guided Poe's whole life and writings that he might well have apostrophised Beauty in the words of Shelley,

"I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To Thee and Thine; have I not kept my vow?"

And was not Poe's conception of poetry correct? "The soul is not so much enlarged by mere knowledge of truth as by the stimulation of the imagination." Stern truth to be effective need not be expressed in the beautiful garb of poetry. "In enforcing a truth we need severity rather than efflorescence of language." Taking Beauty as our standard of poetic excellence, we are compelled to admit that Poe was a master of song and that America has not produced a greater. We could demand only a larger quantity of his verse but no better quality. Unlike the other poets of his day he followed no tradition, but made a tradition of his own; he owed nothing to his environments and less to his American predecessors. In his effort to avoid the provincial and commonplace, he plunged into idealism where he stood aloof from all of his contemporaries in the vastness and splendor of his poetic craftsmanship.

The marvelous fecundity of his imagination as shown in his poetry is not more wonderful than his extraordinary analytical powers. He was always striving after the unreal and the imaginative and at times it seemed that he possessed supernatural powers. Upon reading his tales of ratiocination and extravaganza one cannot fail to feel these unearthly powers. As the "potential prince of detectives" he invented that department of fiction called analytical deduction or better known as the detective story from which A. Conan Doyle has either consciously or unconsciously copied his plots. It was for Poe to demonstrate that human ingenuity could not devise anything that human intelligence could not solve.

As a critic Poe was to do his country a great service. Literature was in its formative period; literary ideals were being formed; and Poe by his masterly diction of style did much towards setting a national standard. Though of the South, yet his works are national and colored by no section. By his keen and fearless criticisms, he accomplished much in freeing his country from the narrowness and sectional spirit which was manifesting itself in our literature.

Thus we see that Poe was "an artist in an unartistic period, he had to grope his way, to contend with stupidity and coarseness." His works could not be appreciated because he was ahead of his times. There was no literary standard by which to judge him. America was a new country with a new literature; but Poe was a writer fit for a country with a literature as old as that of England. At home he is a literary monstrosity, deformed and misshapen—a veritable Mr. Hyde. Abroad he is Dr. Jekyll, an author of comely proportions and heroic stature. The objections found to his works in America do not obtain abroad. The trans-Atlantic critics were at once able to see that another star had been added to the galaxy of the world's best writers.

Of his trans-Atlantic admirers, none probably have a higher appreciation of his genius than do the French. One

of their leading writers recently said, "The French people never forget to place a wreath on the grave of Baudelaire, and Baudelaire's chief title to fame rests on his translation of the immortal Poe. And if the Americans do not want the bones of Poe contaminating their sacred soil, they can be removed to Paris which will erect to him a monument commensurate to his dazzling fame, and never forget the wreath of immortelles, year after year, forever." Of this neglected genius, Lord Tennyson said in 1885, "Your Bryant, Whittier and others are mere pygmies compared with Poe. He is the literary glory of America. No poet, certainly no modern poet, was so susceptible to the impressions of beauty as Poe. He had all the Greek's appreciation of beauty and much of their power in expressing it in poetry." And to the shame of all Americans, this matchless singer lies buried in a flowerless grave in a crowded business district of Baltimore.

That Poe's day has not yet come in America is the insult flung to us from across the waters, and to our humiliation it must be borne. Although a singer in a hostile land, he did not hang his harp upon the willows, as did the captives of yore, but poured forth his melody upon cold and unappreciative ears. And never, as long as we have those matchless songs left us by him can we say he lived in vain. But Poe's day will yet come in America and those of the future can say, with the poet,

"Through many a year his fame has grown,
Like midnight vast, like starlight sweet,
Till now his genius fills a throne,
And nationl marvel at his feet."

The Jaws of Death.

Many times in a life time do we face death; but probably no form of death may be met more coolly than drowning. There is no excitement as at the weapon's point; none of the fascination of the dare-devil adventurer, but one seems to hang for awhile between memories of the past and a blank future. In that moment all the deeds and experiences of one's life, all of his friends and acquaintances, all of his connections with them in the past and all of his hopes of the future pass before his eyes. Happy is the man with a clear conscience at such a time!

In the spring of 1905, I was one of a picnic party who visited La Jolla. The morning I spent in exploring the sea-caves, for which the place is noted; and not until noon did I return to the cove where the rest of the party were. The cove was filled with a merry throng of bathers, so I hurried to join them, but on entering the water, I found that the others were all leaving it on account of the chill. Nevertheless, I was determined to have my swim, so I plunged in despite the fact that I was soon the only swimmer in the cove.

How long I swam I do not remember, but in my exhilaration I must have been swimming for some time, when looking back, I was surprised at the distance which I had come. It was my first visit to the place, so I now stopped to look at the cove. Towering cliffs of jagged rock stretched far out on either hand, and it was but an indentation in the center of which was a strip of beach beneath the overhanging cliff. On this beach was the throng of pleasure-seekers I had just left, while others were on the pavilion that overhung the cliff.

Never before had I been so far from land, but I felt a strange exultation in this and thinking that I should return as easily as I had come, I started vigorously for land. For about fifteen minutes I swam. I was not a strong swimmer and the coldness of the water began to tell on me; but looking up at the cliffs on either hand, I saw that I had traversed hardly

half of the distance to the beach. I was just within the mouth of the cove, and rapidly becoming exhausted; I must find some way to rest to enable me to finish that distance! Drawing nearer the cliff on my left I spied in the trough of a wave, a moss-covered rock submerged by each passing wave—my last straw! Grasping it I climbed upon it as the next wave rolled in, but the waters rose high and I lost my hold to find myself on the seaward side of the rock; a second attempt likewise failed, as did the third. Then I began to wonder why, when the wave rolled in, it threw me seaward. Suddenly the realization dawned upon me that I was in a strong seaward current. I had reckoned without my host on entering that cove and its treacherous currents were unknown to me. Realizing that I was exhausted, but still far from land, struggling against a strong seaward current, I took the only remaining chance and cried with all my strength, "Help!"

On the beach there was a slight commotion, but the bathers were all gone, and no one seemed to think of the skiffs lying at the end of the beach strip. On the wide veranda of the overhanging pavilion the cry was heard; one man looked and said, "It is too late now, he is in the northwest current where Mrs. Elliott was drowned last year." My sister heard it and turning pale, rushed off to find some of her friends and to see if there was not some way to reach me.

I saw no help coming from the beach so I ceased to struggle toward the shore and used my remaining strength treading water to keep my head up, for I did not know how to float. Memories began to crowd around me: I saw life as I had never seen it before. How little were the aims, the strivings, the achievements of life! How small those pleasures for which I strove so hard! After all, what did it all amount to? What difference would it make to the world if I dropped out? Who would care? It would be an end of my earthly troubles and perhaps it would do a great deal to lighten the troubles of others.

Then I thought of my sister who had come with me—what grief she would suffer if I were drowned there before her eyes! Ah, she loved me far more than I deserved! Then came thoughts of the father who was trying so hard to give me an education, and the grief with which he would be stricken if the son of whom he hoped so much should not return that night; and the recollection that no mention had been made to him of my swimming on such a cold day. Die in an act of parental disobedience? No, I must not give up yet!

Again I shouted for help for I knew that my strength was failing. This time I saw a man on the beach throw off his coat, shoes and collar and plunge in toward me. I was sinking rapidly; my limbs almost refused to move; there was no pain—only a feeling of numbness and fatigue.

Exhausted, I sank, but with a desperate effort struggled to the surface for another breath. The swimming man was still over fifty yards distant; his hair was red, and he seemed to be wearing glasses; he was swimming desperately, but my limbs were failing to respond to my will and I was again sinking. I felt the waters close over me and realized that it might be for the last time; but again came the choking, the oppressing desire for air. With a supreme effort I managed to rise again caught my breath, realized that the swimmer was still far off, and knew that I could not again regain the surface—I was sinking for my last time, and yet I did not seem to care. I was sinking, exhausted—that was all.

I felt a hand in my hair, I was drawn to the surface, and swallowing a gulp of brine I managed to get a breath of air and sank again. Again the hand grasped my hair, I was lifted once more to the surface, and caught another breath. A voice exclaimed, "Turn on your back," but I was too weak to do aught but stiffen my limbs and be drawn over. Though struggling hard to keep himself above the water—for he was almost fully dressed—my rescuer managed by putting his hand now and then under my head to keep me afloat. Soon

the man with the red hair and glasses came and together they supported me until a boat was brought from the shore.

A half hour's brisk rubbing and a generous dose of Kentucky tonic restored to my body its natural warmth and I spent the afternoon sitting on the veranda with my sister, who had suffered more than I, but little the worse for my experience.

I found my rescuers that evening and thanked them. The one who first reached me, a young fellow of eighteen, had climbed down the cliff behind me and diving off, had swum to me without my seeing him, and it was to him that I owed my life, for I would have been beyond the reach of the other before he could have gotten to me.

"It was nothing," he said, when I told him how much I appreciated the risk he had taken; and laughingly he turned away as the I boarded train which was to take me home, thankful for my escape. '09.

Pshaw! Such Luck!

BY FINLEY W. TINNIN.

"Pshaw, such luck!" John Preston groaned as he ran his hand through his hair and gazed fixedly out the window of his lonely room in a large city lodging-house, on the people as they surged by on the street below.

"This is the life I once longed for ——" he heaved a sigh, and began fanning himself with his dirty straw hat.

He was in a reminiscent mood, and his memory drifted back to the old farm-house. First, to the father and mother; he knew that he was the idol of their hearts: then he thought of his younger brothers and sisters, who looked upon him as an ideal and worthy of their emulation; and now they doted on him to furnish them the means with which to obtain their education. Then the cotton-fields, white with cotton; and the negroes laughing and talking, loomed up before his

mind's vision. He smiled. Those were the only happy days in John Preston's life.

But the smile was momontary. His mind was busy. He remembered the year when the cotton crop was a failure; then close upon its heels came the money-panic. Then the old home had to be sold to pay debts. The family had moved to town. There he had secured work in a country newspaper office; and there he had met—Bertha. He had been an apt apprentice as a printer, and by utilizing his odd moments in "gathering news" he had become so useful to his employer that the editor often spoke of him as his "right-hand," and when a friend of the country journalist started up a newspaper in a nearby city young Preston had been given a position on its reportorial staff, upon the recommendation of his old employer, at thirty dollars a week—almost a dream to him.

When leaving home to accept his new position he had promised his father and mother that they would soon be living in a new home; the children had not been forgotten—they would be sent to college. And, last of all, he had thought of himself; he had promised himself a cozy little home—no, a home for Bertha and himself, for she had promised him something, too.

But now there had come a time that tried his metal. The newspaper had collapsed. The door to success, which so short time before had seemed open and inviting to him, was now closed.

"Such luck!" he again muttered. "All my high hopes for nothing but—disappointment. As for myself," he thought, "it doesn't matter so much. I could manage, perhaps, with my newspaper experience, to 'dig up' a living—but there are the others."

A boy with his music-box was passing by on the opposite side of the street, and seeing the downcast expression on the face of the young man, and thinking he would be a good customer, stopped in front of the rooming-house and began

grinding his organ. But Preston did not hear the music, and the negro boy cast a wicked glance at his ungrateful auditor and passed on up the street.

"It's almost a sin, it seems to me," the young newspaper man thought aloud, "for a fellow to have reason to aspire so high; then—well, to be disappointed!"

He threw himself across the bed. The sun was just going down, and he remembered for the first time that day that he had not had a mouthful to eat. He had gone to every newspaper office in the city that day in search of work, but he had not eaten, probably due to the fact that only twenty-five cents of the last week's wages remained in his pocket.

He sat on the edge of the bed and buried his face in his hands, resting his elbows on his knees.

"But why is it," he mused on, "I can't carry my troubles as easy as the other fellows? Right at this moment every man who worked on the Globe, from the managing editor to the poorest typo, is in the Press Cafe blind drunk, enjoying —they say—their farewell feast, and tomorrow they'll scatter to the four corners of the earth. None of them have scrnples in chiding me at my anxiety about a job. To be a successful newspaper man, they recommend, I must be a 'hobo'—take to the 'road,' and be a real hobo. And just think," he whimpered, "our old star reporter told me yesterday that the fellow was a 'pretty punk news-getter' who worried his mind about a job.

"And here I am, with twenty-five cents and my room rent due tomorrow," he said, forcing a smile and endeavoring to bear his lot with the best stoicism he was capable of. "Instead of 'insult on top of injury' it's 'trouble on top of calamity.' I'd better store away this quarter," he added, tossing the silver piece in his hand. "Perhaps with a night's rest and a breakfast in the morning I can face the world with more courage. I can't deny that I'm disappointed, but I will not be discouraged," he concluded, bringing his fist down on the bed to add force to his resolution.

That night, notwithstanding his empty stomach, he slept soundly and awoke the next morning with a tapping at his door. He jumped into his trousers and opened the door. There stood a boy, holding a note in his hand.

"This 's Mistuh Preston, ain't hit?" queried the messenger boy.

"Yes, sir," answered the young man, at the same time taking the note from the boy's hand.

The note read as follows:

"Mr. John Preston—You have been recommended to me by the managing editor of the Democrat as the most reliable all-round newspaper man on his late force. If you have not been employed, please call on me at the Continental Hotel at eleven o'clock this morning. Respectfully, BENJ. ASWORTH."

"Ben Asworth," Preston repeated. "Why, he's the editor of the Jackson County Courier—one of the most influential country papers of the State." He laid the note on the table and continued dressing hurriedly. A smile came over his face—of its own accord. "And Mr. Asworth is getting pretty old, and perhaps—pshaw, the thought of it! I'm putting myself in the path of disappointment—inviting it," he remonstrated, bringing back a stern expression to his face.

Precisely at eleven o'clock John Preston met Mr. Asworth in the lobby of the Continental Hotel. The elderly gentleman had traveled the road of disappointment in his early days, and it did not take him long to fathom the young man's experience by the few words he inadvertently let slip.

"What improvements would you suggest," the country newspaper editor asked the metropolitan daily reporter, after they had been conversing for some time. "What improvements would you make, say on my paper, were you to take charge of it?"

The reporter was ready for this question. All the morning his busy mind had been making out a clean-cut course for a successful country paper. The young man lay before the questioner his idea of a country paper, its policy and its mission,

touching on modern improvements, both on the mechanical as well as the editorial side of the sheet, that he thought would prove inhanceng to any country paper.

Before they had parted Benjamin Asworth agreed to turn over one-half interest in his newspaper to the young man, with the understanding that Preston would have absolute control in determining the destiny of The Jackson County Courier.

: : : :

Pshaw! Such luck! In John Preston's case the School of Disappointment seems to have played a conspicuous part in the moulding and shaping of him; in fact, he now attributes many "lucky" steps he makes these days to the deviating experiences of his early days.

And Mr. and Mrs. Preston are now living in a new home, which, true to his word, John gave them. Some of the younger brothers and sisters have graduated, and the others are in college. And some time ago I received an invitation to be present at his wedding—Bertha's and his.

But pshaw, such luck! He hasn't rested on his sword. I noticed in my paper this morning a headline, which reads as follows:

JOHN PRESTON ELECTED TO CONGRESS.

Young Man is Sent to Lower House by Overwhelming Majority.

The Millsaps Collegian

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ISSUED THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF EACH MONTH DURING COLLEGE YEAR.

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EDITORIALS

Campus Improvements.

It is not the purpose of this article to knock; but we think there is something in the maxim "every knock is a boost." We therefore venture to discuss in a very frank and open way just what we think to be a needed improvement on the campus.

One taking a view of the campus from the Illinois Central railroad, or from a distance in any direction, would pronounce

the scene beautiful. However, we are sorry to say that on a closer inspection he would have to modify the assertion in some respects. For instance, let our man passing through the city in the summer decide to pay a visit to the college of which he has often heard. He approaches from the car on State street, and begins the inspection.

He finds the dormitory set back a little distance and surrounded on all sides by such a ragged campus that he is reminded of an old field no longer cultivated and partly overrun with broom sedge. He excuses this shortcoming for he remembers that the college is young and the campus is new. Proceeding a little farther he comes into view of all the miserable shacks and would-be barns back of Founders Hall, which remind him of a dilapidated village or deserted saw-mill town. He finds a number of old sheds, etc., some of which are barely standing; others of which will stand only too long as an eyesore to the otherwise beautiful campus. With such sights intruding themselves on his eyes, he is so disappointed that he moves on with a hope of something better.

And in this hope he is not disappointed, for he finds the remainder of the campus attractive, the buildings arranged in a crescent following the ridge, are easily accessible by good drives and splendid concrete walks. Proceeding, he finds the "shacks" not grand, but neat, and were it not for the rough unkept appearance of the grass on the campus and the burnt remains of an old boarding house, he could leave with a much improved impression.

The question naturally suggests itself. Why do we not pay a little more attention to the appearance of our campus when it is the standard oftentimes by which we are measured? It is our duty to make our campus attractive, and so we think a little attention and a small outlay of cash would be well given in rendering the campus a little more pleasant to the eye. By all means do we ask what is the purpose of these

disreputable old buildings, and why do they yet stand to mar the attractiveness of our campus?

If we are not mistaken, last year's Senior class set apart as their contribution to the college the tearing down of one of these old buildings as a reminder of the ill regard in which they are held. Another hint! A few days ago when there seemed a danger of some of these buildings taking fire, how many boys stood by anxiously hoping that they would go up in flames! Their presence can be nothing less than an eyesore and a nuisance.

The Athletic Park just north of the dormitory is now nearing completion, and there should be some way of approach to it without the inconveniences of cow-houses, poultry yards, and pig-pens, all of which are antiquated relics of ancient industries once thriving but now long forsaken on these premises. Therefore, we submit this as a proposition for consideration. These old sheds and fences should be removed; the hollow leading from the dormitory westward should be reclaimed. Then a drive should be constructed from the gate on State street by Founders Hall, the Athletic Field, and thence across the valley, intersecting the old drive at the corner of the Main Building. Then with a little attention, the intrenchments between the dormitory and the Main Building could be kept as an instructive and abiding relic of the Civil war, an honored and sacred spot on the campus, rather than a deserted cow lot. Only a little work and this will be done, and to the beauty of the campus much will be added.

Three Principles.

It has been said that three great principles at some one period or other of the world's history, have influenced peoples—these three principles are religious zeal, democratic liberty, and chivalrous love and honor. They have wrought both singly and unitedly. In each case the result has been transformation—the result of excited enthusiasm.

Religious zeal sent the crusaders on the ravage of home

and country; Christianity has not been without its faults, but we must remember the Dark Age through which it travelled as an angel of light through darkness and superstition: and Mohammadanism born six hundred years after the Prince of Peace captured what Christianity dreams but does not accomplish—"a nation in a day." Like wild-fire spread the new creed, but the reason of its growth was because the sword of fire and an army of fanatics forced its acceptance. It denied to the General, Choice, the exercise of his free will. Numbers is not a proof of truth. See India's millions! Devotees to error! Religious without being righteous, they worship the "princeps" and not the principle. Such is the influence of religous zeal.

And the excitement over democratic liberty, rising to its height in the French Revolution, finally subsided. Common sense took the place of fanaticism. It has been left to the American people to perfect those institutions expressing the free-will of men. The one fault now in our Congress is the undue power of the speaker, not because he wills it so, but because our Congress has so much work that it can be accomplished in no other way. To remedy the fault, let us have a cabinet system, thus adopting from the English Parliament what would be further useful to us. A house of "hub-bub" would then be converted to a grave debating club—the grandeur of a nation's government.

But the greatest of these three principles is chivalrous love and honor. The others may have been great, but this one was grand. It brought no fanaticism. Indeed, it could teach religious zeal itself a lesson. It helped the weak, and though it resulted in much bloodshed, the conception of it had manhood at the basis. The tournament was an expression of a love for honor. He who was cowardly could not stand. The most beautiful conception of it was given by Tennyson. The good knights of the Table Round led by Arthur of crystal character, protected the helpless, banished evil from the land, and were ruined only by the impurity of Lancelot and Guin-

evere. Direful result! For some years past all American colleges have had that chilavrous love of honor. They have learned to express it not in physical energy and bloody tournament, but in moral energy and honesty. In these great colleges every man is supposed to be what that word implies. A college fellow is no longer a child. He thinks and acts for himself, and finds in college life a moral struggle as hard as the struggle of the grid-iron. If he is of weak character and if he has no love of honor, he gives way to temptation, purchases his diploma at the expense of "jacks" and "cribbing," rather than by honest effort. But the honor system in vogue in all the great colleges, has found a place in our life. We should develop such a spirit of honor and honesty here as a student-body that we can pay at any time to him who cheats in class-room or in examination, "Go, forever go!" We do not want one at this college who depreciates the value of the diploma of him who works honestly. Every man should belong to an Honor League. Each class should organize directly its Honor League. If anyone is caught "cribbing," let the class to which he belongs act as soon as possible. Give him a chance to answer and defend himself; but if he is found guilty, let him leave immediately. Let the class enforce this penalty.

It is sad to contemplate that many a scoundrel soldier is left alive in battle, while a good man with wife and children is slain by his side. Shall it be in college here that the honest student's reputation shall be at stake because he comes from a school where diplomas are the reward of dishonesty? But the responsibility rests upon the individual student. Let him see to it that he perjure not his soul but "avoid the very appearance of evil." Let dishonesty be kept away from Millsaps as King Arthur kept evil from his realm—by first being honorable himself, and then insisting on the purity and honesty of the individual knight.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

THOS. A. STENNIS, Editor.

The State Fair has come and gone. We believe that our institution derives more benefit from this exposition than any other college in the state. The majority of the students visit the fair with the object of becoming thoroughly familiar with the resources of our state, and these two weeks are thus a source of instruction.

The Millsaps exhibit at the Fair surpassed all expectation in beauty, importance and instructiveness. Dr. Sullivan, of our Science department, and his able young assistants, Mullins, Ruff and Sharbrough, deserve great praise for arranging the exhibit in such an artistic and attractive manner.

Hendrix Mitchell has proved himself quite an adept at opening cocoanuts with a shoe-buttoner. He works on Capitol street, corner Hunter ond McGee's preferred, and will give free exhibition at any time. Henry Frizell is at present acting as his first assistant, but competition is so keen that it is doubtful whether he will be able to hold his position very long.

In keeping with the spirit of organization which has pervaded the campus recently, a night-riders club has been organized, but as all the members have been careful not to divulge any of the secrets we have as yet been unable to ascertain the purposes of the organization. It may be that a certain member of the Freshman class, viz., Graves, can tell you more about this new club.

What about moving to Columbus?

The generosity of our faculty in giving us a holiday during the fair was thoroughly appreciated by the students and no

doubt the first day of next April will pass just like any other old day, unless——

Prof. T. P. Bailey, of the University of Mississippi, was a welcome visitor at our chapel exercises on the morning of the sixth. Prof. Bailey gave us an entertaining talk on the inter-action of denominational schools and universities, and spoke in feeling terms of the friendly relation between Millsaps and the U. of M. He was especially complimentary in regard to the course of study pursued here, and left us feeling proud of being Millsaps students.

On Friday night, November 13, the second Lyceum number was given in the college chapel. At that time George P. Elliott delivered his masterful lecture on "The Man of the Hour." This lecture which was heard by a large audience is considered to have been one of the best ever delivered at Millsaps. The manager of the Course is to be congratulated on the high class of the entertainments which we are having this session and he should have the financial backing of every student.

The Millsaps Book Supply Company has recently changed hands and is now owned and controlled by J. B. and L. C. Kirkland. These young men are certain to succeed in this work, if they receive the support of the students which they deserve.

L. B. Jones and W. A. Welch are the Millsaps correspondents for the Jackson Daily papers. These men are to be congratulated on the excellency of the "copy" which they turn in for publication in the Sunday papers.

Subscribe for the COLLEGIAN!

Thanksgiving has come and gone. With it there traveled many "dollars and doughnuts" which were sent by loving relatives and friends. Christmas holidays are the next on the calendar and when they arrive most of the boys will spend

those days visiting the relatives and friends who were so benevolent as to provide the good things which made life possible on Thanksgiving day.

Will someone please inform Middleton as to who wrote the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin"?

An "open all night" barber shop has recently been established on the third floor of the dormitory. Short cuts a specialty! No charges for cutting. Admission free! Ask Graves and Mitchell.

What "Prep" was it who left his electric light on to smoke out the mosquitoes?

Bishop Candler, of the M. E. Church South, was a welcomed visitor at chapel exercises on the morning of November 16th. He made a short talk which was thoroughly appreciated by students and faculty. Wit and wisdom were so intermingled that everyone present was sorry when the talk was ended. We hope the Bishop will soon find it convenient to visit us again.

There is a movement on foot among the editors of the college annuals in Mississippi to organize an Annual Board. As this movement is yet in its infancy your local editor has been unable to ascertain the exact purposes of the organization. One duty of the Board, however, will be to award a prize of some kind each year to the college which publishes the most creditable annual. This should serve to stimulate the editors of the various departments of the annuals and cause all the colleges to put more interest and enthusiasm into the publications.

One of our enterprising "Preps" has discovered a new style for pressing trousers. The "triple-press" should prove popular.

Hon. T. Frank Baker has proved himself to be the most enthusiastic democrat in our body, since he was the only

student who went home to vote for Bryan. The Law class was like a flock without a shepherd while Frank was away (?).

The Millsaps representatives to the Millsaps-Southern debate have received the following question, "Resolved, That in fifty years China will be a greater nation than Japan." As our debaters have never given close study to the future possibilities of these nations they have requested their opponents to submit another question, and as soon as this question is offered, our men will begin work. No matter what the question may be we have nothing to fear in regard to the result of the debate, so long as we are represented by such men as Mullins and Ruff.

W. R. Applewhite was astonished when he heard that there was no Y. M. C. A. hall at the I. I. & C.

F. W. Wimberly has recently been initiated into the ranks of the Kappa Alpha fraternity.

Speakers for the Patriots Day exercises have been elected and are busily engaged in preparing their orations. The following men have been selected to represent the various classes: Freshman, W. Huntley; Sophomore, R. C. Berry; Junior, H. B. McCluer; Senior, R. B. Sharbrough. With these men for our spell-binders we are sure that oratory will not be lacking when that day arrives.

Rev. L. L. Roberts has recently conducted a very successful revival at the Methodist church in South Jackson.

The farmer who has a sugar-cane patch near the Asylum depot is said to have lately discovered that his land will produce hats as well as cane.

R. J. Mullins has recovered from the injuries which he received in the Freshman-Prep. football game. The blow on his head caused him to be irrational for several hours, and his more intimate friends fear that he has not yet entirely regained the best use of the "upper story." You should have heard Bob revealing his secrets while he was delirious.

Junior English student: "Say, do we have to learn these prepositions?"

Sophomore: "Of course you do. How can you prep. without them?"

There has recently been inaugurated a movement at Millsaps which will when fully developed, serve to draw the students into closer touch with each other and with college enterprises than ever before. Heretofore, when matters have arisen which demanded that some one with authority to represent the student body there was no person who could act with authority. The purpose of this organization is to have responsible representatives on these occasions. Each class has selected one member who will act for his class when occasion demands. This organization has, by some who are inclined to sneer at all such movements, been called the Law and Order League. Its success depends entirely on the support which the classes give to their representatives. The following men were elected to represent the various classes: Freshman, Fulton Thompson; Sophomore, A. C. Anderson; Junior, R. H. Ruff; Senior, Tom A. Stennis.

The Annual staff has been completed and the editors of the various departments are engaged in collecting and arranging the material for the 1909 Bobashela. The plan of the staff is to have all material in by the middle of December, so as to insure the publication of the Annual by the fifteenth of May. The co-operation of the students is necessary so as to enable the business manager to deliver the Annuals before the students begin to leave for home. The staff: T. L. Bailey, Editor-in-Chief; R. H. Ruff, Literary Editor; John Gass, Art Editor; R. B. Sharbrough, Humorous Editor; W. R. Applewhite, Class Editor; R. J. Mullins, Club Editor; Tom A. Stennis, Athletic Editor; A. B. Campbell, Business Manager; I. C. Enochs and F. S. Williams, Assistant Business Managers.

After much deliberation the commencement debaters have selected as their question for debate: Resolved, That

a cabinet system of government as it exists in England is preferable to a committee system as it exists in the United States. The affirmative will be upheld by F. S. Williams and W. R. Applewhite representing the Galloway Literary Society; while Campbell and Crisler will argue the negative side as representatives of the Lamar.

Several new books and magazines have been placed in the library during the past month.

Rev. F.T. Murrah of Senatobia, a brother of our esteemed President, was a welcomed visitor on the campus a few days ago.

Only one hundred and thirty subscriptions to the COLLEGIAN were obtained when the first copy made its appearance. This number should be increased to at least two hundred if we expect to get out a publication such as the size of our college deserves. Each issue this year will cost more than fifty dollars, so it is up to you to decide whether or not our business manager shall be left with a deficit at the close of the session.

One of the members of the Junior class was heard arguing not long since that the "Merry Widow" is a classical play because all four Millsaps classes were well represented when the play was produced at the Century Theatre.

One of our professors recently made the statement that the kings and queens of England during the last century "have not all been classed among the great **men**."

THE GEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION.

The class in geology made the most important expedition of the session during the second week in November when four days were spent studying the geological formations peculiar to the northeastern section of the state. The party was composed of Misses Ricketts and Spann, Messrs. Bailey, Brooks, Hand, Leggett, Mullins, Stennis, Welch and Witt from the

Senior class and Ruff from the Junior class; accompanied by the instructor, Dr. Sullivan. The class arrived at Starkville on the evening of Wednesday, the eleventh. Mr. Gieger, a Millsaps graduate, and Miss Pace, a teacher in the Starkville public schools, had very considerately arranged accommodation for the crew, and the night was spent very pleasantly.

Thursday morning a short expedition was made with Dr. Logan and the geology class from the A. & M. C., to examine the Selma chalk and Ripley formations which outcrop on the campus. A valuable collection of specimens was obtained from these formations. At noon the party enjoyed the hospitality of the A. & M. C. in the mess-hall. After dinner the Millsaps students roamed at will through the college buildings.

About three o'clock the party went via Artesia to Columbus. Beautiful outcroppings of the Selma chalk and Ripley formations were seen while in Oktibbeha county, and in Lowndes county the Utah formation was seen. At the depot the class was met by Miss Hooper, teacher of geology and physiography at the I. I. & C., and several of her students who conducted the young ladies of the party to the college, where they were entertained during their visit.

Thursday evening at eight o'clock Dr. Sullivan addressed the two geology classes assembled in the college chapel on the geological history of our state. After the lecture Prof. Whitfield granted the Millsaps boys the coveted permission to "compare notes" with the young ladies.

Friday morning the class assembled in the college chapel, with over seven hundred of the most beautiful in the land, for the morning exercises. After the usual devotions had been conducted by Dr. Sullivan the party, under the guidance of two of the fair seniors, explored the stately buildings which adorn the campus. About ten o'clock the two classes with three teachers as chaperons (?) set out in a large band wagon for Plymouth Bluff, about five miles above Columbus. This is regarded the most interesting place in Mississippi for the study of geology. This bluff which is in the Utah formation,

is on the west bank of the Tombigbee river, over two miles in length and from ninety to two hundred feet high. A short while was spent in making a cursory examination, after which the party, sitting Chinese fashion, in the shade of the pines enjoyed refreshments as delicious (if possible) as the girls who prepared them are fair. After eating until eating was no longer fun, and lingering around the festive "board" as long as the authorities would permit, the party again took up the work of the expedition. It seemed that a closer examination could be made in groups of two; so in a short time small groups could be seen all along the bluff digging in the talus and rocks for fossils and other curios. A careful study of the formations was thus made by these enthusiastic young geologists. After a pleasant and profitable afternoon spent in this way, as the shadows began to fall, the party returned to Columbus, making the hills and dales echo and re-echo the tunes of college yells and songs. Those from the I. I. & C. who went on the trip were Misses Hooper, Kern, Miller, Ana Miller, Saunders, Creighton, Geoghegan, Brown, Stokes, Hirshman, Mullins, Wade, Mitchell, Wiggins, Watts, Atkinson and Moore.

Friday night was spent as it suited the fancy of the members of the class. Some attended church, some were fortunate visitors in Columbus parlors, while others spent their leisure hours at public places of amusement, and still others occupied themselves by classifying the fossils which they found at the bluff.

Saturday morning the Millsaps party, by force of circumstances, left what to some of them the most interesting city in the state and returned via West Point, Durant to Jackson —studying as closely as possible the formations along the I. C. railroad between West Point and this city.

The entire class feels greatly indebted to the authorities at the A. & M. C. and the I. I. & C., for the many courtesies shown them, and hopes that the geology classes from these two institutions may soon visit the outcroppings of the Jackson formation numerous in this section. Especial thanks are due

those who superintended the arranging of the elegant repast which was served at the Agricultural College and to those who were so thoughtful as to prepare the picnic dinner enjoyed at Plymouth Bluff.

This trip was the first of a series which will be made by the I. I. & C. and Millsaps geologists to points of interest throughout this and adjoining states. To Miss Hooper, of the geological department at the I. I. & C., and Dr. Sulivan, of Millsaps, is due the credit for having arranged this series of expeditions. Judging by the interest and enthusiasm exhibited on this trip they will be fully repaid for their efforts.

R. J. Mullins was very much surprised when he found that he could not buy postals at the Postal Telegraph office at West Point.

Will someone please give Mr. Leggett the remainder of the quotation which begins, "I wrote my name on the sands of time——"

Boys are said to be more efficient than girls at giving nick-names but the I. I. & C. senior who dubbed Brooks "Information Bureau," certainly showed good judgment.

T. L. Bailey and R. H. Ruff visited home-folks for a few days immediately after the geological expedition.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

L. BARRETT JONES, Editor.

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE.

In "The Trail of The Lonesome Pine," John Fox, Jr., has written a story that is more typically American than any that it has been our pleasure to read for some time. It is American in its action—brisk, but not too much to destroy the unity of feeling; it is American in its characters—the men strong, commanding, shrewd in business, demons in fighting and ardent in love-making; the women, or rather the woman, strong in character, eager for knowledge, womanly imperious, but in the end yielding to the master-passion—Love. It is American, above all else, in its plot and scene.

The scene is laid in the border mountains of Kentucky and Virginia, where even today man has scarcely set foot; and where now, as then, few of the facilities of civilization have crept it.

The characters are for the most part mountaineers. The story deals with the opening of the coal and iron fields, the coming of law and the suppression of what at times was a reign of terror as typified in the Falin-Tolliver feud, and in the development, in particular, of a mountain girl to a refined, educated woman, under the inspiration of a refined man, and at times, of the deterioration of that same man under the mountaineer code of living.

John Hale, a college man and civil engineer by profession, is the hero of the story. It is in his fertile brain that the plan for the development of the county is conceived. It is through his influence that the "little girl" is given her chance, and so it is all the way through, his is the master-hand. But even that hand could not keep the mush-room city from falling, and it was that fall that came so near separating him from June—for it threw him deep in debt. As a character he

typifies a man who in real life, as in fiction, is always head and shoulders above his fellows. There are few men today who could or would have hung Rufe Tolliver under the terrible strain that was upon Hale, simply because he saw it was his duty. And all the more lamentable, because it is such men as he that mold a nation for good. A good idea of his character may be obtained by June's confession that it was Hale's presence that made her give the truthful evidence that sent "Bad Rufe" Tolliver to his doom.

The heroine, June Tolliver, is a character more than pleasing. From start to finish, she is a woman in thought, mood and act, nothing more or less. In her eagerness to reach true refinement, she becomes so critical in regard to dress, etc., that she comes to have an almost positive dislike for Hale, who under the influence of mountain life had become careless of the niceties that count so much with womankind. But in the end she sees herself as she is, and incidentally Hale as he is, and becomes all that makes man care for woman.

The Lonesome Pine is the geographical centre of the story. But it is more than that, it is almost a character. In Hale's thought, "he had seen it first, one morning at day-break, when the valley on the other side was a sea of mist that threw soft, clinging sprays to the very mountain top; . . . he had seen it at noon but little less majestic: . . . had seen it at sunset, clean-cut against the after-glow, anp like a dark, silent, mysterious sentinel guarding the mountain-pass. He had seen it giving place with sombre dignity to the passing burst of Spring; had seen it green among dying autumn leaves, green in the gray of Winter, and still green in a shroud of snow—a changeless promise that earth must wake to life again." But still more it came to symbolize to both John and June all that was best in them.

The inevitable philosopher that is always found in novels that deal with onward march of a people,—and indeed his presence is an absolute necessity—is the Hon. Sam Budd. And be it said to the author's credit Budd's sayings are refreshing.

One of the best is, "You see, mountains isolate people and the effect of isolation on human life is to crystalize it. Those people over the line have had no navigable rivers, no lakes, no wagon roads, except often the beds of streams. They are a perfect example of an arrested civilization and they are the closest link we have with the old world. They were Unionists because of the Revolution; as they were Americans in the beginning because of the spirit of the Covenanter. They live like the pioneers; the axe and the rifle are still their weapons and they still have the same fight with nature. This feud business is a matter of clan-loyalty that goes back to Scotland. They argue this way, You are my friend or my kinsman . . . and whoever hits you hits me. . . . If you are an officer, you must not arrest me; you must send me a kindly request to come into court. If I am innocent, and it's perfectly convenient, why, maybe I'll come." And again, in the description of the mountaineer who "hates as long as he remembers,—and he never forgets."

The best description of June's character is Hale's comment on mountain streams, "Mountain streams were like June's temper—up quickly, and quickly down."

The book is well written. The leading characters are drawn with a true touch and the supporting ones are good-especially Budd, The Red Fox, the villain, Young Dave Tolliver, and old Judd—"Devil" Judd. The unity of time, place and feeling is well kept. The apportionment is good. Once in awhile however, the abundance of description gets a little tiresome. In one or two places the author wanders a little from his theme, but we daresay that "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is the best novel of American mountaineer and pioneer life that will be written in some time, and the author has certainly won all the praise that has been showered upon his book

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

BERTHA LOUISE RICKETTS, EDITOR.

We are glad to find so many college magazines already on our table, and feel that special credit is due the editors who have been so prompt in sending out the exchanges.

The October number of "The Bessie Tift Journal" contains such a variety of subjects that almost anyone ought to be able to find something in it to suit his taste. Of the three pieces of verse, "Separation" is unusually good, in fact, it reminds one very strongly of Arthur Hugh Clough's Sua Cursum Ventus. The theme and style are the same in both. If the thought is original with the author of "Separation—and we presume it is —she deserves as much credit as does Clough. The short stories are fairly well told. "The Dividing Line" is one of the best. We think the conversation in "The Leading of the Brook" rather lifeless, but we forget this in reading "Table Talk," which is brim full of life, and brings before us very vividly the long white tables and the long rows of girls at boarding school. We like "The Searcher" too, it is one of the best things we have found in a college magazine. The "Study of Ralph Connor" also deserves commendation. The various departments are full and interesting and would of themselves raise the Journal above the average. Altogether, we consider this one of the best magazines that we have received.

We were especially pleased to receive a copy of the "Maroon and White." Centenary College, by which it is published, has the distinction of being the oldest and yet the youngest of the Southwestern colleges, and is one with which we feel ourselves very closely connected. A former professor in our college is now President of that institution; a graduate of Millsaps occupies the chair of Mathematics, and three members

of our own present faculty were at one time students there. Therefore, we feel an interest in the college paper, and wish it all success.

We have received several college papers in newspaper form, among them "The Crimson-White," and "The Oracle." Although we prefer the magazine form, these papers have the advantage of giving a variety of local news, no doubt enjoyed by their college communities, and much valuable experience to any editors who may have ambitions in the journalistic field. Yet we find little of interest from a literary standpoint and little to invite the attention of anyone not connected with those colleges. It may be best for a young college to learn to know and be interested in itself before attempting things of more general concern, but we believe that better results are accomplished by a greater variety.

We have received the following papers: Bessie Tift Journal, Howard Collegian, University of Virginia Magazine, Maroon and White, Mississippi College Magazine, The Campus Bulletin of Southern University, Hendrix College Mirror' Ouchita Ripples, The Grenadian, The University of Mississippi Magazine, The Brown Alumni Monthly, The Oracle, The Crimson-White.

CLIPPINGS.

Since Remus Gon'

Ol' Gawgy's lonesome ez it kin be
Since Remus gon'.
De 'possum dun lef' de simmern tree,
An' de rabbits air skeerce ez skeerce kin be,
An' de stripe-tail 'coon we no mo' see,
Since Remus gon'.
Fer no man knowed de creeters ez well,
An' whut dey sed o'l Remus ud tell;
An' de frogs in de pon' an' de birds in de dell,
Giving a sad farewell,
When Remus gon'.

De littl' boy wanders, sad an' lone,
Since Remus gon'.
He miss de ol' man cheersome tone,
An' de stories tol' by him alone,
Ob de tings nobody else hab known,
Since Remus gon'.
An' Mars' John's sad since he went away,
An' Mis' Sally weep de lib long day;
It's a pitty pore Remus gon' to stay,
For it's sad today
Since Remus gon'.

Ol' Remus dun de bes' he could
(An' now he's gon'!);
He helped all de creeters in de wil', wil' wood,
An' taught de niggers to be right good,
Fer do whatebber a nigger should,
An' Remus gon'!
An' weepin' comes frum hill and dale,
An' ol' Miss Medders turn so pale,
An' de gals all giv' a lon'som' wail,
A farewell wail,
To Remus gon'.
—H. E. Spence, in the Trinity Archive.

The New Ceremony.

"Wilt thou take her for thy pard,
For better or for worse;
To have, to hold, to fondly guard
Till hauled off in a hearse?

"Wilt thou comfort and support
Her father and her mother—
Her Aunt Jemima, Uncle John,
Three sisters and a brother?

Wilt thou let her have her way,
  Consult her many wishes;
Make her fires every day,
  And help her with the dishes?"

At this his face grew pale and blank—
  It was too late to jilt—
So at the chapel door he sank,
  And sadly smiled, "I wilt!" —Ex.

Separation.

I.

By morning breeze on sunlit seas
  Two ships like dolphins glide,
Each laughing wave its message gave
  Till golden eventide.

II.

But the demon night with his hand of might
  Drove the loving ships apart;
For what cared he in his fiendish glee
  To wreck a ship or heart?

III.

In vain I gaze through the dawning haze
  On a dreary, dreary sea—
Oh, evening breeze! Oh, swelling seas!
  Bring back my love to me!

—(Mayme Miller, in Bessie Tift Journal.)

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. J. MULLINS, Editor

We note with interest the manner in which the members of the class of 1908 have already entered upon the field of action, and how they are already putting their fine talents to a practical use. A glance at the following will show how they are progressing in the business world:

J. L. Addington is salesman for a dry goods firm at Water Valley.

J. A. Blount is principal of the Bassfield High School.

Jeff Collins is principal of the Brooksville High School.

G. P. Cook is principal of Johns High School.

Marvin Geiger is employed as assistant in the State Chemical Laboratory, Agricultural College, Miss.

J. M. Hand is working in a drug store at Meridian, Miss.

Miss Bessie Huddleston is spending the winter at home with her father in Jackson, Miss.

H. F. Magee occupies the chair of Mathematics in Tallulah High School, Tallulah, La.

C. H. Kirkland is a member of the Millsaps Law class.

W. P. Moore is principal of the Rolling Fork Graded School.

W. F. Murrah is taking post-graduate work at Vanderbilt University.

W. S. Ridgeway is taking law at University of Mississippi.

J. C. Rousseaux is pastor of Rankin Street Methodist Church, Jackson, Miss.

D. T. Ruff is principal of Camden High School.

J. L. Sumrall is studying law at Washington and Lee.

D. E. Zepernich is book-keeper for the Imperial Cotton Oil Co., Macon, Miss. We hear rumors that "Zep" is soon to be married.

Sing-Ung Zung is doing post-graduate work at Vanderbilt.
O. P. Adams is taking civil engineering at Tulane.

"Fatty" Backstrom, Superintendent of Education in Greene County, was a campus visitor a few days ago. Altho he seemed glad to see old friends, indications are that his business was not altogether to see "the boys."

Jeff Collins and wife, of Brooksville, Miss., were visitors during the State Fair.

J. L. Heidelberg paid his brother and town friends a visit during the Fair. Heidelberg is cashier of a bank of Hattiesburg, and is making quite a success in business.

G. P. Cook paid us a flying visit on the seventh.

J. L. Addington spent several days in town attending the Fair. "Shorty" still has in stock a supply of those yarns he is famous for telling.

The members of the Geology class on their recent tour were very much delighted to run across their old friend, Marvin Geiger, at Starkville. While in college Geiger seemed a natural chemist, and there is no doubt that he will make a great success in his chosen profession.

H. F. Magee, of Tallulah, La., was a campus visitor not long since. Hosie is the same genial spirit as ever.

Brother Alumnus, do not let the memories of dear old Millsaps fade? Why "should auld acquaintance be forgot"? Keep in touch with us by subscribing for the COLLEGIAN and if you should know of anything of interest to this department, please let us hear of it. You should consider it a pleasant duty to still be loyal to your alma mater.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. M. GUINN, EDITOR.

There have been many interesting features connected with our Y. M. C. A. work this session. On Friday night, October 23d, Rev. J. H. Holder, of Booneville, Miss., delivered an address to the Association on the subject of Missions. In his discourse he brought before us many of the appalling conditions of heathen lands and emphasized the fact that the students of today are in a large measure responsible for the conditions that shall exist in the dark continents in the near future.

Mr. Holder is a graduate of the University of Mississippi and has not forgotten the student's life, and the great liberality with which they look at matters of so great concern. As a result of his lecture there was a large number enrolled in mission study, and seventy-five dollars was subscribed for the support of a Y. M. C. A. Secretary in Tokio, Japan.

The courses of mission study that are offered this session are, "Islam," "Healing of the Nations," "Aliens of America," and "Knights of the Labarum." No student should fail to pursue one of these courses of study. The time has passed when earnest and ambitious students can afford to neglect the study of missions. There never was a time in the history of American institutions when so much thought was given to this momentous question as there is at present. Not only are the student volunteer bands and the church pushing this great enterprise, but the layman's movement is rapidly becoming one of the principal forces for "The evangelization of the world in this generation." One of the main reasons that this evangelization has not already been accomplished is due to the fact that this question is comparatively a later day

topic. The greater part of the opposition to the missionary movement results from the fact that there are yet many who are ignorant of the existing circumstances in heathen lands. Men are eager to acquire a thorough knowledge of the wars between nations, and it is perfectly natural and right that they should. But it is of a vast deal more importance that they should know of the great contest between the King of Righteousness and the powers of the wicked one.

It was the privilege of the Y. M. C. A. to have O. Backstrom, a member of the class of 1907, to deliver an address Sunday night, November 8th, on "College Honesty." In this address he pictured the dangers of "ill-gotten gain" and made a strong appeal for students to eradicate from their minds even the thought of devising any means by which they might acquire anything dishonestly, whether in class-rooms, on examination, or on the athletic field. This address was appreciated the more by the old students since they know the straightforward and true character of the man who delivered it.

On October the ninth the Bible Study Rally was held, at which Dr. Hutton delivered an address on "The Bible Ideal of Culture"—a treat it was indeed to those in attendance. After the lecture an enrollment was taken for systematic Bible-study and fifty names were taken. This was followed by a personal canvass in which forty additional men were enrolled. As progress and improvement is the aim of every successful enterprise, so it is with the Bible study department. We can say without hesitation that we have the "acme of perfection" to offer this year in our Bible study courses. There has never yet been devised a better method of studying the Bible for results than is presented in these daily devotions.

Another phase of the work which we are very fortunate in being able to offer this year is a class in Social Teachings of Jesus and Christian Evindeces, led by Dr. Sullivan. This promises to be a very successful class and we have great hope

for it. Though interest is a little slow in starting we hope to make up things, and have a "booming year."

The enrollment appears as follows: Life of Christ, six classes, fifty enrolled; Acts and Epistles, one class, ten enrolled; Old Testament Characters, one class, twelve enrolled; Christian Evidences, one class, twelve enrolled; total enrolled, eighty-four.

The treasurer of the Y. M. C. A. informs your editor that the finances of the Association are in a deplorable condition. The financial panic seems to have affected students most when the time comes for paying Y. M. C. A. dues. We cannot expect to obtain any material benefit from the work of the Association unless we are willing to contribute at least the worth of a membership card. The Association this session will need almost six hundred dollars, but no man can raise that amount without the help of the students; the man who gives his name to the membership committee and then fails to pay his dues is obtaining the benefits of the Association under false pretenses, and should not be allowed to have his name on our books. There are men in college who pose as workers in that object for which the Y. M. C. A. stands, who have as yet failed to pay their dues or subscribe to the budget. Our treasurer has no philosophers store which will enable him to extract money from unwilling hands, so it is for you to decide whether or not the treasury shall be able to meet the demands which are made upon it. We should send six good earnest workers to the Ruston Conference but this cannot be done unless the Association members are willing to pay a part of their expenses. There are other expenses which must be met but if the freezing grip does not loose the cold dollars there will be nothing doing. Toe the mark, and help support the most worthy organization on the campus.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

C. C. HAND, Editor.

The football season is waning and as it draws to a close, the grid-iron rooters repair to their haunts to await development in other sports. The warriors of the pig-skin will soon give way to basket-ball and the gym teams, which in their turn, will submit to the forward march of the "tossers of the suave globule." As we have seen great stunts performed on the foot-ball field, we hope for greater things to be developed in other lines.

By the way, have you seen inside the gymnasium? If not, you have missed a treat. Instructor Duke has provided new pads and so arranged everything as to afford the best advantages for every line or work. If you think the exciting part of athletics will die out with the end of football, you ought to take a peep at Duke and his class while engaged in their awe-inspiring tumblings and acrobatic feats. Those who are not inclined to participate in such seemingly dangerous sports, may substitute Indian clubs, dumb bells, pole, rope and ladder-climbing, all of which afford great fun as well as exercise.

The coaches of the different class teams are to be complimented on the material which they have developed. Some "stars" of the purest ray have been brought to light—two or three on each team. Coach Noble deserves special praise for the way in which he has improved the "Preps." Although they did not show up so well at first, it is now a well circulated fact that if given another trial they would remove some of the conceit from both Juniors and Sophs. As it now stands the cup is a bone of contention between the two last mentioned —the Juniors having a slightly better grip. Neither have yet been defeated, but the Sophs have the stronger teams yet to play.

The athletic field is discernible on the distant horizon. Like the tortoise, it is advancing slowly but surely. If it does not turn rabbit and rest along the wayside, or if some dragon —like bad weather—does not arrest its course, we can rest assured that it will be ready for spring sports. From present indications, it will be one upon which the best talent need not hesitate to display itself.

A park of such irresistible charms—
Located in such a suitable place—
Will entice many teams to recline in its arms,
Entertaining the crowds; its grand-stand will grace.
Colleges, far and wide, will hear its renown,
And soon realize that wherever they go,
Or in whatever park that in the State can be found,
Nowhere, as here, can they coin so much "dough."
It will advertise the college all over the South;
And fill every one with such news of our name;
And bring forth such praise from every one's mouth,
The team of "Old Millsaps" will be connected with fame.

Bob Mullins, the valuable full back for the Freshmen, sustained rather a serious injury in the Prep-Freshman game, but we are glad to note that he has fully recovered.

Southern critics and football coaches are disputing among themselves as to who to select for All-Southern tackles, but at present we understand that Carson and Mayfield, of the Freshman, are very prominent candidates for the position.

It is an even bet as to who will make Varsity full back—Galloway of the Sophs or Terrell of the Juniors. Both men are playing high-class ball and have shown form that would do credit to any Varsity team in the State.

Nearly all of the students and especially the football enthusiasts witnessed the University-Mississippi College game of the 29th of October, and as usual came away believing that

Millsaps could "mop up" with them too, if only given the chance.

Campbell, the Junior left-half, has been seriously handicapped recently by a bum knee.

At any rate those Freshmen put up a stubborn game all the time, even if they do not stand so high in the percentage column. Manager Cavett deserves a great deal of credit for holding his men together and for staying in the race at all without a coach.

The Preps say "Bill" Bailey really looks handsome with his two black eyes. That's why they give him a black eye in every game.

The Millsaps Collegian

Vol. 11. Jackson, Miss., January, 1909. No. 3.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

"I am sorry, sir very; but you will have to leave this hotel at once."

These were the words I heard fall from the lips of the clerk when I showed him the mysterious letter. I was dumbfounded, and gazed at him with amazement. However, I soon regained enough of my self-control to ask him to explain to me why I would have to leave; but my request was all in vain. He quietly handed the letter back to me and again told me that I could not stay at the hotel any longer. My surprise gradually gave away to anger, and I again turned to the clerk and demanded an explanation, but my anger did not have the desired effect. Seeing that he would not tell me why I had to leave, I told him I that would leave as soon as I could pack up my baggage.

I went up to my room and began to pack up, but I could not keep my mind off the letter. Finally, I finished my packing and went down and paid the clerk for my room. Then I started out to find another hotel.

It took me quite a while to find a hotel that suited me, but finally I found one and went in and registered.

As I was registering, the thought entered my mind as to whether or not it was safe to ask that clerk to read the letter for me. I quickly decided that it would be best to wait until later.

After I had been assigned to a room I asked the clerk to send around to the other hotel and get my baggage. Then I went to my room, lit my cigar, and tried to think of some reason why the woman had dropped the note. I had heard of many gangs, clans, and secret orders that had existed in the past, but the general belief was that these had all passed away. A thought flashed into my mind that caused my heart almost to stop beating. What if it was a message from some secret order of cut-throats! I thought of all kinds of horrible things and wondered which would be my fate.

As it was then near midnight, I decided that I needed rest. So I undressed and lay down; but it seemed that sleep was impossible. Every time I began to doze, I fancied something was in the room, or that some one was trying to get in at the door or the windows. Several times during the night I got up, turned on the light, and looked under my bed and examined the window fastenings. Once I thought that some one was clutching me at the throat. I awoke with a scream and turned on the light. Then I began to search the room for the intruder, and way back in a corner stood an innocent little mouse.

Things went on this way until morning, and when I arose I felt as if I had worked all night.

I was not feeling well that day and did not leave the hotel until nearly sunset. I did not know just what might happen, and I was a little afraid to go out. So I sat around the hotel and smoked cigars until late in the afternoon. However, just a little before sundown I started to my former hotel, hoping that I might be able to bribe or persuade the clerk to tell me the contents of the note.

Just about the time I got within sight of the hotel I saw several people running and heard the shout, "Stop that horse!" I looked up the street and saw a horse rushing madly towards me. He was hitched to a buggy, and in the buggy sat a lady who was crying for help.

I sprang out into the street, and prepared to make a desperate effort to stop the horse. In a second he was upon me. I sprang towards his head, and luckily my hands grasped the reins. This seemed to frighten him still more; but I clung to the reins. He dragged me several yards and trampled on my legs, but I held tightly to the reins and soon succeeded in stopping him.

When the horse stopped, the lady sprang out of the buggy. At first she was so nervous that she could hardly stand, but she quickly regained her strength and came towards me. Just as she reached me she stopped and gazed at me in surprise; and then she exclaimed, "You!" and "Are you hurt?" Then I saw who she was, and I involuntarily exclaimed, "You!" She then came and grasped my hand and told me in glowing words how deeply she was indebted to me for what I had done. Then she turned to go, but before she left she whispered to me, "Come over to the park tomorrow afternoon, I have something to tell you."

I went back to my room at the hotel and lay down to sleep, but could not sleep on account of thinking of the next day.

I felt certain that she was going to tell me something about the note, and I dared to hope that what she had to say would not be displeasing to me. The night finally passed off, and I awoke with a start. I looked at my watch and saw that I had overslept myself several hours. It was almost time for dinner. I arose, and hastily dressed, and went down to get dinner.

After dinner, I went back to my room, and tried to read; but my mind would not stay on my book. My eyes would be on the book, but I did not know what I was reading. It soon became evident that it was useless for me to try to read. So I got my hat and started towards the park.

When I reached the park, I saw that the lady had not yet arrived. I sat down on a bench, and resolved to wait for her, even if she did not come until dark.

Finally she came, and after making an apology for having kept me waiting, she began her story in these words:

"I know that you have been awfully worried about that note which I dropped in the park."

Then she asked me if I had been able to get the note read; and when I told her that I had failed, she said she was not surprised.

"The note," she said, "was only a joke. I met you four or five years ago at a reception given by one of our friends in New York, and I had heard that you were good at solving mysteries. So when I noticed your name on the hotel register I entered into a plot with my brother, the hotel clerk, to give you a little mystery to solve. I felt certain that you would not recognize me, as it had been such a long time since you had seen me. My brother was very much opposed to my scheme, but I finally persuaded him that he would run no risk and he gave his consent to help me."

Then she explained to me that the note was composed of some words of the Arabic language, which she had learned from an old Mohammedan priest. She said that she had intended to let me worry a while about the note and then she was going to reveal her identity to me; but that after my heroic act, she could not bear to have me worry any longer. "Now," she continued, "I feel ashamed of myself. Won't you be generous and forgive me, and let us be real good friends?"

I grasped her hand and said, "I freely forgive you, and there is nothing that I had rather be than your friend, except ——". It was not necessary to complete the sentence, for I knew from the light in her eyes that she understood.

Roscoe C. Berry.

MURDER WILL OUT.

In the year eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, the year of the terrible yellow fever epidemic, the year when rich and poor alike suffered, Richard Wilson, a young lawyer, sat in his small, but tastefully appointed office, and considered the state of affairs as they were related to him.

He had come to New Orleans some eighteen months before, and had opened up his office. He had done fairly well at first, but of late, on account of his half-hearted way of working, and because of the presence of yellow fever, he had done little, or nothing. As he sat there on this hot, sultry afternoon, before his opened window,—for it was August—he thought of the cause of his languor.

Richard was not a starving young lawyer, for he had come to New Orleans with a fair amount of money, a present from his mother on his graduating day. He had desired to enter the society of this city and through the aid of several friends, had been introduced. Of late, however, he had dropped out and had become a veritable recluse. When the yellow fever had made its presence known some few weeks before, and when his landlady had decided to refugee, he had decided to remain, his landlady telling him, at the time, that he was "plumb foolish." And yet he had stayed, perhaps with the same intuition that causes a bird to keep close to its nest, on account of a—girl, for Noel Lepyre was scarcely a woman.

Noel and Richard had met at a ball shortly after Richard's arrival in New Orleans. She was an orphan and lived with her aunt, together with Marcelle, the old family servant. He had been attracted to the little French girl, not on account of her looks so much, but because of her frank, open manner, and charming conversation. For her part, Noel had been drawn to Richard by his quiet dignity and his confidence in himself, as well as his engaging manners. It was not long before they were engaged, but after a few months of happiness there had come a misunderstanding and the rending of all ties.

Some few years before, when Richard was in his senior year at a well known university of the South, he had had trouble with a fellow member. The trouble which started in Richard's Freshman year had culminated in a shooting affray, in which Richard and his foe were both wounded, the latter seriously.

The shooting, which occurred only a week before, had been kept secret by the friends of both, and neither the faculty nor the city authorities had ever heard of the affair, and Richard had buried it.

One night, however, Noel had, in a playful manner, reproved Richard for hiding a certain affair and he, in turn, had asked her to explain. Noel then asked him the cause of his trouble in college. Richard had declined to give the cause, and asked Noel who informed her of the affair. Noel pleaded with him to tell her the origin of the trouble, at the same time declining to give the name of her informant on the ground that she had promised not to divulge his name.

When Richard claiming that the affair was a personal one, at the same time assuring Noel of his innocence, declined to tell anything whatever of the shooting, Noel had become angry, and her temper getting the better of her, had ordered him away, declaring that she never wanted him to come near her again, because she did not want anything to do with a murderer.

He had gone away without a word; and, although Tante Marguerite had written him several notes telling him that Noel was miserable, and begging him to come around, he was determined not to go around until Noel sent for him.

There was a knock at the door, and Richard arose to find Marcelle with a note. The note was from Noel, asking him to come to her home as soon as possible. Richard put on his coat and hat and started off. The streets were deserted and the few persons whom he met shunned him, as he shunned them, just as if they thought he was the lowest criminal in the world.

Richard walked on, wondering what in the world Noel could want with him. The note had been a cold, matter of

fact one, so he knew that her attitude towards him had not changed very much.

When he arrived Noel met him at the door arrayed in walking attire. After what seemed to him a cold greeting, she asked him to accompany her at once, because there was not a minute to lose. Richard consented, more perplexed than ever. Noel's face looked pale and drawn, and she had evidently been doing without sound sleep for some time. However, as she did not seem inclined to talk, Richard asked no questions. but walked on in silence.

They walked on for some time, and about the time the silence between them was becoming painful, Noel stopped before a small, dingy house and knocked. The door was opened by an old woman, dressed very shabbily. When she saw Noel she exclaimed," Lord! Mis' Noel! I'm sho' glad you come, because the gent's raising all out doors because he can't see Dick, as he calls him."

Noel nodded and followed by Dick, whom she signaled to say nothing, went up a steep, dirty flight of stairs. Noel opened the door and revealed a small bed in a corner on which a man was rolling and tossing about.

Noel turned about and faced Richard, and after several attempts found her voice: "A few weeks ago I went into the nursing work. About four weeks ago I was called in here by that old lady and found this man here. He had high fever, and was finally thrown into delirium. He was constantly calling for some one whom he called Dick. One morning several days after his delirium had passed, he gave the name as Dick Wilson, and said that he wanted to make an explanation to him about a personal affair between them. He also said that he was a lawyer in New Orleans. He asked me to look him up, and I promised. So that's why you are here; but before you talk to him, let me urge you not to excite him as he is just over his delirum."

Noel, with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, turned to the door, and would have passed out; but Dick, who had never

taken his eyes from her face, stopped her, and said quietly but forcibly: "You must not go. Some time ago we had a misunderstanding and I refused to explain the affair over which we quarrelled. Now you will know that I am innocent, but you may never know the cause. So stay."

Dick went to the bed and as he recognized his old enemy, an ugly light appeared in his eyes; then as quickly disappeared when he remembered his surroundings. After a few minutes, Dick spoke: "Ed! Ed, it's Dick speaking to you."

The man turned over, and with a sleepy stare, looked at Dick. After a minute, he spoke: "Dick, old man, I was wrong, it was ——— that did that nasty work. I've settled with him and have sought you to make apologies for my wrongs to you. Won't you shake?" and Dick grasped the thin, emaciated hand, and gave it a manly shake. Then, turning to Noel, who was giving directions to the old woman, he said, "Let's go."

They walked on in silence for some time, and then suddenly faced each other, and Noel, with a voice full of emotion and love said, "I believe you now, Dick." And the sun, which had been under the clouds all day, came out in all its glory.

L. Barrett Jones.

SONG.

(With apologies to Scott.)

Tombigbee banks are wild and bare,
Columbus woods are cold;
And you may gather fossils there
Would make a fortune, sold.
And as I passed by Science Hall,
Beneath the tall oak tree,
A Senior with a tennis ball
Was singing merrily.

Chorus—

Tombigbee banks are wild and bare,
Columbus woods are cold—
I'd rather rove with some one there
Than tread the streets of gold.

Senior! A happy soul is he,
A happy song he sings;
His voice so full of melody
Across the campus rings!
And as I passed along the way,
And o'er the distant hill,
I heard the sound of music gay,—
The Senior singing still:

CHORUS—
Tombigbee banks are wild and bare,
Columbus woods are cold;
O! many hearts are broken there
And many fortunes told. '09.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

WHEREAS, The Almighty God in His infinite wisdom and power, has seen fit to take away the beloved father of our class-mate, H. M. Frizell, therefore be it

RESOLVED, 1st. That we, the members of the Junior Class, while bowing with him to the manifest will of God, deeply deplore and sorrowfully mourn his great loss.

RESOLVED, 2ND, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to our so deeply grieved class-mate, and

RESOLVED, 3RD, That these resolutions be published in THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN, and that a copy be presented to our bereaved class-mate.

M. L. NEILL,
J. M. GUINN,
R. B. ALEXANDER.
Committee.

THE FRUIT OF CURIOSITY.

"Clerk, please tell me the full meaning of this note, for I do not want to leave this place unless it is absolutely necessary," I said.

"Sir, you must leave this city, and leave today; that is all I can tell you," he hotly replied.

"I do not understand why I should leave, because I happen to find a piece of paper on which something was written in some far Eastern language. I will find out the meaning of this note, even if it takes up all the time I have for vacation."

I tried a few foreign fruit dealers to see if they could read my note, but it was as much a puzzle to them as it was to me. If there is a man on earth whom I thought could read it, it was my friend, Doctor Wise, Professor of Foreign Languages in the State University.

As I was passing the garden (the garden of mystery as I now called it), on my may to the depot that night, I noticed a man walking in there. Being a little early for my train, I decided to follow this person. I followed him, keeping a distance of about thirty feet between us, into the middle of the garden; after waiting there about five minutes he was joined by a woman. All of my walking would have been fruitless, if this man had not lighted a match, which helped me to recognize him and the mysterious woman.

I arrived in New Point about seven the next morning, and went immediately to see Dr. Wise. I gave the Doctor my note and told him to read.

"Why, John!" he replied, "how can I believe this? If I had been told this I would have branded it as false. My dear boy, what will your poor mother say?"

I was so taken with surprise at my friend's reply that I stood amazed. Recovering my thoughts, I hurried out of the house before he could say anything more. From here I went to see my mother, and to show her this unlucky paper piece of. I believed mother could read this writing, for she had spent some years as a missionary in Egypt and Arabia.

"Mother, I have something for you to read," I said modestly.

"Why, son! How could you do such an ungrateful act? You, over whom I have spent so many anxious moments! —That you should come to this! How can I believe it?"

I knew right then that something awful about me was in this note, and I was going to find it out or die in the attempt.

"Mother, let me explain," I said, "I found this note and brought it here for you to tell me the meaning of it. I did not intend to hurt your feelings."

She refused to tell me the meaning and told me to carry it back where I got it from, if I wanted a meaning.

My mind was now crazed with fear and vengeance. I would like to know what that woman could have written to cause me so much trouble!

If my mysterious friend was the source of my trouble, to her I resolved to carry it back. I left that afternoon for Long Beach, the place where I picked up my unfortunate letter. I arrived there about seven o'clock that night. It would be useless for me to go back to the same hotel looking like I did when I left, for I believed I would be given another command to "depart immediately."

My experience as a detective would be of some use to me now, I resolved to play the part of some foreign nobleman. I bought a wig with black hair and a mustache, and side whiskers to match, and also some outer garments like noblemen wear. I did not hardly recognize myself in my new attire, neither did I think I could impersonate a nobleman.

I went into the hotel about ten o'clock and registered as Lord Cunningham, of London, England. Everything passed off nicely that night and even my friend the hotel clerk, did not recognize me.

Early the next morning, I was strolling in the garden, when I accidently ran across the hotel clerk and the mysterious woman sitting on the same bench on which they were sitting two nights before. I walked by without even glancing

at them. The hotel clerk, I found out, went on duty at 10 A. M., and came off at 9 P. M.

That afternoon I made a purchase of two pistols for fear that I might need some help in executing my plan for tonight. My plan was this: To go into the garden about half past nine that night (playing the part of the hotel clerk), and meet the unknown woman. At the point of the pistol, I would make her tell me the meaning of this note, and also who she was. I learned from a porter that the clerk left the hotel for the garden about ten o'clock. I decided to go a little early so I would not meet up with him.

Promptly at half past nine, I made my way out of the hotel by the back entrance into the garden. As I was nearing the middle of the garden, I saw some one sitting on that bench. At first I thought it was a man; but later I saw it was a woman. When I came within ten feet of her, she addressed me in a language I did not understand. Then I knew she was the person I was looking for.

"Madam," I said, "if you value your life, do not move or make a sound unless commanded by me."

She started to scream, but when she saw she was covered by a pistol, she became quite calm. I told her I did not intend to do her any harm; that I merely came for some information. I told her who I was and that I wanted to know the meaning of that note she dropped for me three days ago. At first she did not answer, but after a while she said she remembered me, and if it would benefit me in any way she would tell me the meaning of the note.

She said, in broken English, that the note was a religious vow made by her lover and that she dropped it accidentally. Its meaning was this: "I renounce the love I have for any lady on earth or in heaven for the love of Elen Hamid." She also told me she was the daughter of Abul Hamid, Sultan of Assyria, and that she met the hotel clerk while he was visiting in that country.

I begged her pardon for this ungentlemanly act of mine, and explained to her the position I was in. M. P. JUMPER.

The Millsaps Collegian

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EDITORIALS

It is the purpose of the COLLEGIAN to voice the sentiment of the student body at all times, and to stand as a representative of the literary talent of our college. In the recent agitation as regards inter-collegiate athletics at Millsaps in which our fond hopes were completely thwarted we wish that our position shall not be misunderstood by other colleges and by the public generally. We are not forbidden to play inter-collegiate games on the ground that football is "too rough" for us. We have no sort of patience with any such idea. We are **men**, by no means physical weaklings. The

theory on which the decision of the North Mississippi and the Mississippi Conferences was based is that in these days the tendency of the average college student where the inter-collegiate feature obtains, is to become over-enthusiastic in athletics, shamefully neglecting his books, thereby defeating the prime purpose of his college career. While this theory is not altogether groundless, it cannot be applied to Millsaps. It is true that at a few institutions the "varsity men" are required to do little else than devote good time to athletics; they are allowed special privileges and may even fail in their classes and little is said about it, because they are good athletes and the team could not afford to lose them. Of course, such a state of affairs would be very demoralizing. But these extreme cases are exceptional; anything, it matters not what may be its merits when properly managed, may become dangerous when carried to the extreme.

It is only these extreme cases that we see much discussion about in the newspapers and magazines, simply because they are unusual. It is human nature to "knock," and when someone gets ready to hammer on inter-collegiate athletics he picks the worst case on record and then over-draws that in order to illustrate his point. And did you ever notice how much easier it is to remember a fault than to remember a virtue? We do not wish to enter into the inherent values of inter-collegiate athletics, but we mention these things because we believe that the Conferences have been laboring under a false conception of the condition at Millsaps, or rather what might be the condition in case we were allowed the inter-collegiate feature. It is not fair to judge Millsaps by these extreme cases that come to one's attention. No such condition could possibly exist here because among other reasons, the regulations of our faculty would bar any student, not in good class standing, from playing on the varsity team, hence inter-collegiate athletics at Millsaps would stimulate students to greater effort in the class-room rather than demoralize that phase of college life.

Now, boys, it is up to us to prove to "the powers that be," that we are thoroughly wide awake to the opportunities and responsibilities of college life; (that we could not, even if we would abuse any trust they might place in us); and, hence, do not need to be restrained like a crowd of high school boys, and if we gain the thorough confidence of those who have jurisdiction in these matters their very consciences will cry out against the injustice of withholding intercollegiate athletics from us. We have tried the "keep quiet" theory and it failed, but we still believe there is something in the maxim, "Perseverance wins the world."

The Purple and White has very well suggested that it is a good idea for those of us whose fathers are preachers to begin on them, and it is essential too, to keep all the preachers in touch with what we are doing, to keep the subject of athletics constantly before them through our weekly and monthly publications, in order to prove that we are worthy of any trust Conference might place in us.

But we might produce argument after argument in favor of inter-collegiate athletics through our publications until the subject is worn threadbare, yet "actions speak louder than words." Conference is going to place confidence in us in proportion as we merit it by our achievements in other lines of college life. The character of our publications is going to do more than anything else towards molding the opinions of those who are in authority, because they are supposed to be the embodiment of what we learn from our college course put into practice, and because it is chiefly through them that the outside world has an opportunity of learning whether or not Millsaps men are awake to the opportunities and responsibilities of college life.

Especially is this true of The Collegian. While the Bobashela should contain the cream of poetry, short stories and manifestation of college spirit, it appears only once a year and because of its cost seldom finds its way beyond the family and intimate friends of the student. The Purple and White

is devoted to the happenings of the various departments of college life, it furnishes us with live college news. But it is the purpose of the COLLEGIAN to stand as a representative of our literary talent. In it the student has a chance each month to exhibit his skill in writing, to apply to practice what he is gleaning from his college years. Each of our publications, the annual, the weekly and the monthly, is equally important in its sphere, but their spheres are different and in no way conflict.

At present THE COLLEGIAN is scarcely above the mediocre on the exchange table. Judging from it one would think that poetry were terribly out of style and that short stories were fast becoming unpopular. Now, a Milsaps man's blood would boil with indignation should someone suggest that Millsaps is not capable of producing a literary magazine as good as other colleges. Yet, whatever may be our character we must be judged by our reputation, and nothing else is so vital a factor in forming a college's reputation as its literary magazine. Shall it be said of a Millsaps man that he cares for nothing but a pass, that the ultimate goal of his ambition is simply a diploma, that he cares nothing for the various interests of his college? What Tom Bailey has said in regard to the Bobashela may be applied equally as well to THE COLLEGIAN, and this point cannot be too strongly emphasized, for the idea seems to have become chronic, that it is not "intended as a creation of the editors. It is yours! And when it appears, you are responsible for it." When it is criticised, it is as THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN, and not as Basil Witt's. "Few people, indeed, who see it will ever remember the name of a single editor."

So it behooves you to dig up "your buried talents" and put to use your latent energy. If we do not show the proper appreciation of the advantages we already enjoy, how shall we ask those who have jurisdiction over us to trust to us new privileges.?

Not only that, but you are cheating yourself of that part

of college life that will be most helpful to you in after-life. Here at college we are living in conditions that are practically ideal. Few are our real cares, and pleasure is an ever-present aim. Our minds are constantly diverted by athletics(?), social affairs and pleasures of one kind or another. While these things are conducive to our enjoyment of life, they are by no means the full measure of what we should glean from our college years.

Every man should lay aside for a moment all frivolous things and think seriously upon this matter. We are here fitting ourselves for active endeavor in the affairs of the world. We should make sure that we are properly prepared to meet the duties that will fall to us.

The mere acquisition of facts is going to be of little value to us aside from our ability to understand them in relation to other things. If we are not learning to apply to practice what we are taught in the class-room, all our lectures, text-books and experiments will come to naught. Nothing can be of as much value to us as the experience we get from our own original efforts at literary production. It develops that principle of self-reliance and trains the mind in analytical reasoning so essential in solving the problems that will arise when battling with the affairs of the world.

The chief fault of Millsaps men is that we do not stop to think. We know what our duty is to ourselves and to our college, if we would only stop to think. We go along in our years of college life, thinking practically not at all of what a course at college should mean to a man, and when we do think of it, we dismiss it for later consideration.

Your editor offers this as a gentle reminder of our duties and responsibilities both to ourselves and to our College, so perform the duty that lies next you—for if they were all performed I dare say those who are in authority would not fear to trust any privilege to us and at the same time we would be advancing in the acquisition of that wisdom which will enable us to render good service when doing the world's work.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

THOS. A. STENNIS, Editor.

Examinations! Who survived?

Millsaps students enjoyed the Christmas holidays without any fatalities, but untold numbers fell by the wayside dur ng the recent examinations.

The work on the '09 Bobashela is progressing rapidly. The material is being collected and arranged by the editors and will be ready to send to the publishers in a few weeks. Practically all the pictures have been made, and nearly all the drawings have been completed. Like all other Millsaps publications, however, our Annual suffers severely each year from a lack of poetry. Our editor-in-chief has done all that mortal man can do in urging the students to turn in work of this kind, but very few have responded to his entreaties, is it possible that there are no poets among us?

In a chemistry recitation recently Jumper stated positively that he had never used any C^{17} H ^{35}C ^{02} N^{a} (soap).

Will someone well versed in psychological processes please give an explanation as to why Guinn found it necessary to shave twice each day during the Christmas holidays.

Our representatives to the Millsaps-Southern debate will uphold the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That the time has come for the abolishment of the protective tariff in the United States." With such men as we have selected to represent us we feel sure that Millsaps will again be given the decision over Southern University.

The subject for the history essay this session is, "The American Revolution from an English standpoint." The medal for the best essay on this subject will be given by the

Jackson chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The subject is a good one and no doubt there will be several contestants for the medal.

Mr. W. A. Welch has been selected to respond to the alumni address welcoming the class of '09 into the ranks of Millsaps Alumni next commencement.

Superintendent of Education, J. N. Powers, has accepted the invitation of the Galloway Literary Society to deliver the literary address on the evening of the society's anniversary exercises next April.

F. L. Applewhite and L. L. Roberts have been forced to leave college, having been assigned by the Methodist Conference to work too remote form Jackson to permit them to carry their courses here. Applewhite is stntioned at Monticello, while Brother Roberts has charge of the work at Flora.

First Co-Ed.—"Say, what does M. P. after Gladstone's name stand for?"

Second Co-Ed.—"For Methodist Preacher, of course."

Mitchell says that a "culprit" has been placed under the street bed just south of the Jewish cemetery.

The Millsaps Symphony Club met in secret session just before the holidays and elected the following officers: President, Holmes; Vice President, Lowe; Secretary, T. A. Stennis; Treasurer, T. L. Bailey; Business Manager, R. H. Ruff. Immediately after the holidays, however, the Secretary, Treasurer and Business Manager, found that other work was pressing so the club regretfully accepted their resignations. Their successors have since been elected and the work of the club is again being carried on in a systematic way.

J. A. Alford has charge of the Rankin Street Methodist church for this year.

Our College is under great obligations to Mrs. W. L. Nugent for her recent gift to our library, the law library of

her husband, the late Col. W. L. Nugent. This collection contains over one thousand nicely bound volumes and will prove to be a valuable addition to our library. It will be of inestimable value to the law students boarding on the campus, since they will no longer be forced to go to the state library for legal information. We are indeed grateful to Mrs. Nugent for remembering our college so kindly.

Rev. T. W. Lewis, our Commissioner of Education for the past two years, now has charge of the First Methodist Church in Columbus, Mississippi. Brother Lewis will not give up his work for Millsaps, however, but will continue to labor in her behalf.

The Editor-in-chief of the Bobashela offers one copy as a prize to the student turning in the best story for publication.

The latest thing in the way of college publications at Millsaps is "The Purple and White," published weekly by the members of the Junior class. This weekly news sheet should be liberally supported by the students, for it will in the course of time fill an important place in our college life. At present the general impression seems to be that as the paper is under the direct control and supervision of the Junior class it should be left to that class to make it a success, but we think that every student in the college should feel a vital interest in it because to the outside world we are known by our publications, so it is essential that everything sent out from Millsaps be of the best.

We have heard that Dr. Sullivan's buggy has acquired the automobile habit of locomotion without horses. The buggy excels the auto since it can navigate without a driver.

Mr. W. C. Leggett has been at home for several days at the bedside of his mother. Will's absence is felt keenly by his friends and 'tis hoped that he will soon return.

Challenges from University, A. & M., and Mississippi College basket ball teams have been received, but it's no use

since we are allowed to play nothing more strenuous than marbles.

Mr. m. M. Brown has recently been initiated into the ranks of Kappa Sigma.

The third Lyceum entertainment was given in the chapel on the evening of January the fifteenth. The attraction at that time was Laurant, "The Man of Many Mysteries." Notwithstanding the inclement weather the chapel was comfortably filled by an enthusiastic and appreciative audience.

During the recent session of the Mississippi Methodist Conference our already capable Board of Trustees was strengthened by the addition of Messrs. J. D. Barbee, J. L. Dantzler and G. L. Jones.

Our College Glee Club under the direction and management of Prof. Moore and Mr. Duke, made a short trip to cities in North Mississippi immediately after examinations. The Club gave an entertainment in Yazoo City on the evening of February the fourth and in Greenwood on the following evening. Next week the Club will give entertainments in Grenada, Carrollton, Columbus, and Water Valley. Several of these towns were visited last session by our Club, so no doubt large crowds will be present when the entertainments are given.

W. A. Welch says that since Vicksburg has gone dry, his room will be headquarters for strong drinks during all future examinations.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

L. BARRETT JONES, Editor.

"The Fair Mississippian," by Charles Egbert Craddock, is a pleasing story. The scene of the story is laid in the Delta of Mississippi, and therefore lends more interest to Mississippians than the story might otherwise have.

The story itself is one of modern life in the Delta, of a life that overflows with affluence. In fact, so absolutely is the story the story of plantation life, that there is not a single event, a single bit of philosophy, or a single character, except the two leading ones, that gives distinction to the book. But as a story of the pastoral type it is a success.

The hero is Edward Desmond, a scion of a blue-blooded Maryland family, who has a decided literary taste, but who finds his fortune swept away just as he finishes his University course. Thus thrown upon his own resources, he accepts a position as tutor to the three young sons of a young widow, Mrs. Fauril, "the most beautiful woman in the world." At first his "dose" is a bitter one and he keeps up a reserve led by a wounded pride. But in a series of crises, that happened one right after another,—and crises are always thus in their result— the massiveness of his intellect and the great force of his character came out until it was his will that predominated in everything and over everybody.

The heroine, Honoria Fauril, a young widow, is a woman who in real life is a veritable ruler of men, and in whose eyes all men are puppets, until Prince Charming comes along, and for whom most men would willingly be such. As a character she is, well drawn. And it is about her life and its "ins and outs" that the story deals. In fact, it might be said that the story is a chronology of her life, with the incidents that are related along other lines serving as connecting links.

With the exception of these two, there is scarcely a character of any importance in the book, tho' Mr. Stanlett, as a

representative of the ante-bellum days, and Mrs. Kentoff, as the ever-present gossip, are very good.

The book has two characteristics which we think should be avoided. The first is the use of what is termed "big words," in the telling of the simplest facts and details; the second, which to our mind is the most objectionable, is the use of French words and phrases, with which—after the manner of woman—the story is freely sprinkled. With all the wealth of the English laungage to select from, we cannot understand why writers of fiction should use the French language so freely—a fault which is more common among women writers than among men.

The apparent purpose and philosophy of the book is expressed in the opening sentence, "the simplest fact of this life of ours is subject to manifold and diverse interpretations." And surely the authoress in the story of the lives of Edward Desmond and Honoria Fauril exemplified her purpose and "made good" her philosophy.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

BERTHA LOUISE RICKETTS, EDITOR.

We find the "Howard Collegian" a very interesting exchange. The magazine is small but well gotten up. The Literary Department would be improved by the addition of one or two essays, but the three stories are good, "The Conqueror" especially. The description of the football game in this story is excellent, and the contrast of the noisy grounds where the team was playing a losing game with the quiet campus where "Kent Griffin" struggled between loyalty to the team and obedience to his uncle's command, is well brought out. The editorial departments are well written; the exchange editor seems unusually industrious.

The Mississippi College Magazine contains some good material, but is not without faults. "Energy versus Purpose" is an excellent article, but we were somewhat puzzled over "A Prisoner for Life." In fact, in reading it one is constantly surprised. It contains some bits of originality in expression and thought that are delightful, but there are a few things we cannot exactly understand. One learns some remarkable things by reading this story: dress suits are worn early on June morning even tho the wearer be many miles from home, and another suit; the hero is called "Henry Calhoun, while he is bathing in the pond"; one reads of Eleanor's "beautiful though blushing face," and many other strange things. Still, in spite of some defects, the originality of plot and treatment holds the interest of the reader to the end. "Love and Science" is very good. "Thirteen" is a well written story. Too much space, however, is devoted to locals.

The Green and Gold is a very attractive magazine and possesses some noteworthy features. There is quite an interesting article on "Thanksgiving Day," which traces that day back to the Hebrew Feast of the Tabernacles. "Just like a Girl," deserves mention for its merit of plot and the vivid

portrayal of character. The negro dialect, however, is open to criticism. It is very different from what we hear in Mississippi and from what we have read in the dialect stories of Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris. The musical ring of the poem., "The Potter College," catches the ear at once, and the sentiment is worthy of commendation. The accounts of the "Mammoth Cave Trip," of the "Boat Trip," and the various class and club notes are quite interesting, but we suggest that more space be given the literary and editorial departments. A college magazine should have, in addition, to all those things, several stories, essays and original poems. The arrangement also could be improved. We regret that the "Green and Gold" is published only three times a year.

We have received the following magazines: Hendrix College Mirror, The Grenadian, The University of Virginia Magazine, Cardinal and Cream, Ouachita Ripples, Mississippi College Magazine, Emory Phoenix, The Green and Gold, The Howard Collegian, The Spectator, The University of Mississippi Magazine.

CLIPPINGS.

SAM'S THANKSGIVING.

Las' night it seemed jest scrumptious to a little boy like me,
To see the hired man, Jonas, ketch th' gobbler orf th' tree;
An' yesterday Aunt Susan made the biggest punkin pies.
They wuz mos' ez big 's a barrel. Gee! They wuz a lovely size.

It wuz mighty satisfyin' jest to kinder hang a-roun';
An' see the nuts, an' raisins, an' hear th' spices ground,
An' see that good brown gravy, an' th' cramberries, an' jam;
I tried to hook a little taste, but Mary called out "Sam!"

Then she runned an' tried to grab me, but I dodged behine Aunt Sue,
An' she said, "Go 'way f'm here, boy; I'll tell yo' maw on you."
So they shooed me from th' kitchen, fore I got through a'tall;
I know I wasn't in th' way, 'cause I'm jest awful small.

I heard Grandpa tell Jonas (I wuz peekin' in the do')
Thet he would have to make two loads of folks from th' depot.
All th' uncles, aunts an' cousins are a comin' out to stay
For a good time in th' country, 'cause today's Thanksgiving Day.

—(Anne Elise Roane, '07, in The Grenadian.)

LOVE AND SCIENCE.

(By A. J. Aven, in Mississippi College Magazine.)

What though my Love may roam abroad,
Where life is full of sham?
For I, a message swift to send,
May use a cable-gram.

What though my Love on sea may sail?
At this I simply laugh;
For I, to send a message, may
Use wireless telegraph.

Heart calls to heart, as deep to deep,
To dearest absent one,
But I, to hear her liquid voice,
May use the telephone.

Though absence from her be my fate,
There comes to me a hope,
For I, to see her face to face,
May use telautoscope.

To hear and see do not suffice:
To kiss her, too, I must;
But I, to touch her ruby lips,
Must use telautogust.

If these should fail to operate,
And she still absent far,
Then I, the distance to o'ercome,
May use a motor-car.

The sun may hide behind the clouds,
The moon desert the night,
But I, to see her charming face,
May use electric light.

When all opposing fates retire,
And I shall claim my boon,
We'll face life's problems, side by side,
And keep our hearts in tune.

When thus our lives are harmonized,
And love has made us one,
We'll sing the old sweet songs again,
For use in graphophone.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. J. MULLINS, Editor

During the past month we have had the pleasure of meeting several of our alumni. And indeed, it is a pleasure to meet men whom we know have gone through the same trials we are now having, men who have withstood the same "fiery darts" of Math, Latin, etc., that we are now facing, and who are facing the world with the same success. In meeting the alumni of Millsaps one meets the chosen few, so to speak, not because the college is young alone, but because they have gone through a course in which many have fallen by the wayside. Everywhere you see them you see men instilled, yet with those lofty ideals and straightforward purposes for which Millsaps has always stood.

D. E. Zepernich, of Macon, was over for the Thanksgiving game, and spent several days with friends. Zep informs us that he is getting rich at an immense rate. In fact, he thinks he needs an "assistant" to help spend his income.

Marvin Geiger of Starkville,, came over with the A. & M. cadets to spend Thanksgiving with old friends. Yes, "central" knew very soon that he was in town, for he was back at his old trade, doing society stunts.

C. L. Neill, principal of Hattiesburg High School, came up with his football squad for a game with the Jackson boys on the 26th. The game did not turn out so pleasantly and some one said that even Red got "red-headed" about it.

J. L. Berry recently visited his brother. Jim says he is just as far from matrimonial bliss as when he saw us last time.

S. L. Burwell, '00, a Lexington banker, was in town for the A. & M.-University game.

J. D. Tillman, '02, of Carrollton, was a recent campus visitor.

John Weems paid us a flying visit on the 26th. John is located at Shubuta, Miss., as a merchant.

Prof. D. T. Ruff, of the Camden High School, spent a few days in town recently. Tom is making a great success as a teacher, and no doubt he will soon have his school ranking among the foremost of its kind in the state.

The members of the Lamar Society were delighted to have W. S. Ridgeway, the "constitution champion", with them at their meeting on November 27th.

Rev. J. L. Neill and wife, passed through Jackson a few days ago en route to the Mississippi Conference at Yazoo City.

Miss Bessie Huddleston, '08, Miss Susie Ridgway, '07, and C. R. Ridgway, '04, attended a recent meeting of the Lamar Society. We are always glad to have members of the alumni come out and hear our "oratorical exhibitions."

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class, W. A. Welch was elected to respond to the address of welcome at the meeting of the Alumni Association next June.

Rev. John Chambers, of Laurel, Miss., stopped over on his way to Yazoo City.

Probably at the time of this writing B. Z. Welch is the happiest alumnus, for "unto them twins were born."

At the recent North Mississippi Conference the following appointments of Alumni for next year were made: R. A. Clark, Okolona; W. M. Duncan, Durant; L. P. Wasson, Arcola; W. M. Langley, Boyle; W. L. Duren, Clarksdale; J. T. Lewis, Cleveland; J. R. Countiss, Greenville; T. M. Bradley, Jonestown; O. W. Bradley, Rosedale; J. T. McCafferty, Moorhead; J. R. Bright, Tutwiler; J. W. McGee, Chaplain of State Penitentiary; E. D. Lewis was sent to Tennessee and J. A. McKee was sent to Denver.

Mr. J. W. Frost, of the class of 1907, was married on New Year's day to Miss Mattye Crow, of Oakland. The date for this event had been set for the sixth, but Mr. Frost, who is always surprising his friends, announced before he arrived

that the wedding bells had already rung. The groom is an alumnus of our college, but has left his alma mater so recently that he still has a number of friends on the campus—Purple and White. Jack deserves much credit for being the first of his class to make a venture in this line. THE COLLEGIAN extends to these popular young people its best wishes for their future happiness.

We note with pleasure the tribute paid to Rev. W. W. Holmes, of the class of 1900, by the New Orleans Christian Advocate. Beneath his picture on the front page of a recent issue appeared the words, "A New Orleans pastor who gets in touch with his people."

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. M. GUINN, EDITOR.

Southwestern Students' Conference.

The last twenty-five years have seen a most remarkable development of college spirit throughout the colleges and institutions of America. The two leading causes for this development are the growth of athletics, which brings all the men of any institution together; and the growth of the Young Men's Christian Association, which has brought together the students of the whole world in the study of the great religious problems of student life.

Perhaps no other one factor has played such an important part in training college men for Christian work as these Summer and Winter Conferences. The first of these conferences was established at Northfield, Mass., twenty-one years ago. There two hundred fifty men gathered to study the Bible and the problem of Missions, and to discuss methods and plans for Christian work in colleges. Since that time the

number of conferences for college men has grown to nine, with more than twenty-five hundred of the choicest fellows from the colleges attending each year. These men are given ten days of careful training and are inspired to go back into their colleges to lead other men to know a richer and fuller moral and Christian life.

The Southwestern Students' Conference held at Ruston, La., closed on Jnauary 3rd, after ten days of very successful work. There were about one hundred and thirty men in attendance, of which our own Association furnished eleven. The following men were representatives: Messrs. Bufkin, Bailey, Anderson, Neill, Mullins, Welch, Wasson, D. R. Williams, Ruff, Peeples and Campbell.

The principal features of the Conference were the study of the Bible, and discussion of Bible study methods. Discussions and courses of study for the missionary department; investigations of college Association problems; conferences on the ministry, personal evangelism, city problems, American problems; and the work of the volunteer for foreign missions; a series of life-work addresses, the platform meetings; a special conference for members of college faculties, with a course of Bible lectures on the Psalms by Dr. J. H. Stevenson of Vanderbilt University.

The conference was conducted by a splendid corps of leaders, among whom were the following: Dr. J. H. Stevenson; Prof. E. L. Jewett, Texas Bible chair, Austin, Texas; President J. N. Tillman, University of Arkansas; Rev. P. B. Kern, Nashville, Tenn.; L. A. Coulter, State Secretary of Texas Young Men's Christian Association; Mott Martin, of the African Mission; Harry W. White, Student Volunteer Movement, New York City; Dr. W. D. Weatherford and W. E. Willis, representing the Student Department of the International Committee, and a number of College Association Secretaries.

The entire afternoons were given to athletics and the manifestation of college spirit. A series of games of football,

tennis and basket-ball were played between the various states and colleges. Oklahoma presented the best basket-ball team and Mississippi won the football championship. Nine of the Millsaps representatives played on the Mississippi team and thus showed that while we are not allowed to play intercollegiate ball, yet, we present men who are able to cope with men from over the entire Southwest.

Such conferences as this have marked an epoch in the lives of thousands of college men. It is here that many a college man has learned the value of the Bible in the building of his character. It is here that the vision of what can be done in Christian work for students is brought before men; and here, also, hundreds of college men have dedicated their lives to the service of God, in the Christian ministry, in the mission field, in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association and other religious callings.

So prominent and helpful are these conferences that many Christian students are beginning to feel that their college education is not complete until they have attended one of more of these great and inspiring gatherings.

W. A. WELCH.

Among many other things of interest connected with the Y. M. C. A. has been the presentation of a valuable book, "The Brother and the Brotherhood." Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, the chairman of the American and Canadian Student Y. M. C. A. Movement, sends it with his compliments to be placed in our library in the hope that it will prove of interest and profit to some of the students in this institution. We urge the students to show their appreciation by carefully reading the book. We wish also to remind them again that there have been several other books of valuable information to young men placed in the library by our association, and that they should be read by every student in college.

Mr. W. D. Weatherford, the General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, was with us from Decem-

ber 12th to 16th. During this time he gave the students three live addresses on subjects relating to college life. Besides these public addresses he met the Ministerial students, fraternity men, Bible study leaders and several men for personal interviews. As a result of Mr. Weatherford's work among us fourteen men took a stand for the Christian life, fifty were enrolled in Bible study, and the Christian men resolved to do a greater work for the advancement of God's plan among the students.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

C. C. HAND, EDITOR.

The all-star football team of Millsaps:

Center, J. C. Adams; Guards, D. R. Wasson and W. A. Welch; Tackles, M. L. Neill and T. L. Bailey; Ends, R. O. Jones (Manager) and W. R. Applewhite; Quarter, Charlton Jones; Full-back, Chas. Galloway; Right half, A. R. Peeples (captain); Left-half, C. G. Terrell; Subs—A. B. Campbell, J. L. Haley, J. B. and C. L. Kirkland.

The deathly silence of suspense has at last been broken. Many shouts gush forth from fifteen joyous hearts. The all-star team has been selected. Indeed, those fifteen, who have won their Ms have a right to be joyous—but how many others are sad! How many hopes have been shattered that those select few might enjoy the pleasures forbidden to the multitude! Pleasure? Only such as is afforded by knowing they are the "pick" of the college. Fame? How can it bring fame to anyone wearing an M when they are not allowed to prove their worthiness of fame?

For the past ten years Millsaps has lacked one essential element—unity. Without unity of the student-body she can

never hope to rank among the greater institutions of the South, where, with her ideals and faculty, she deserves to stand. At present this school is one mass of individuals without a single band of unity. Each man is for himself and his only thought is "ego, mei, mihi,—me, me!!" There is absolutely nothing in common between the Freshman and the Senior—no common cause in which they all pull together. College spirit indeed! An abundance of college spirit can be aroused by class games, I am sure! How, pray, can any one expect college spirit to flow from empty pretentions? Still, without this one essential commodity, no college can hope to advance. Those of us who have had the best interest of the college spirit at heart have hoped, almost prayed, for the one thing which can, above all other things, give us unity and spirit—Intercollegiate Athletics.

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The Millsaps Collegian

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"DRIED BUTTERFLIES."

The heat of noon quivered over red clay hills and the sandy yellow road stretching into distance. Black mud in deserted "hog-wallows" broke into thin cakes with curled-up edges. Behind the honeysuckle-covered wall of the Compton garden dusty roses drooped, and cowered within the shadow of their leaves.

In a hammock which hung between the columns of the broad porch lay Katherine Compton, dreaming, after the fashion of school girls.

"Kathie! Oh, Kathie!" called a voice from within the house.

"Ma'am!" answered Katherine, somewhat impatiently.

"Don't you think, dear, that you had better do your practicing? You know you have a half hour from yesterday."

"In a minute, mamma," said Katherine.

She swung herself slowly and dreamed on. She was considering a very momentous question: Should it be in June with roses, or in September with goldenrod? Should it be real lace and satin, or embroidered chiffon over silk? She could not decide. She lifted the curled end of her heavy yellow braid and softly flipped her cheek.

Suddenly, down the road, there was a clatter of horses' hoofs, which ceased just beside the Compton gate.

Katherine sat up, straightened her dress, patted her hair, and bit her lips. She looked to the gate. There just dis-

mounting from his Kentucky thoroughbred was a young man, whom many would have called common place. His hair was an ordinary shade of brown; his blue eyes were no more beautiful than the average; but he was large, and he looked strong. He strode up to the steps, and the color pulsed in Katherine's cheeks.

"Hello, Kathie! Will you give me a drink?" he asked.

"This isn't a saloon," said Katherine impudently; then, not waiting for a reply she raised her voice and called: "Oh, Mamma! Here's Mr. Fort; he wants a drink of water."

"Why, my dear," answered Mrs. Compton, coming to the door, "get some for him. Mr. Fort, won't you sit down?"

In a moment Katherine returned bearing a lace covered silver waiter with a prismatic goblet of clear water. Mrs. Compton opened her eyes in amazement.

Five minutes later the gentleman had, after many thanks, gone on his way to town.

Mrs. Compton turned to her daughter:

"Katherine Compton," she said coldly, "will you explain why you got out your great-grandmother's best lace and cut glass for Willie Fort?"

"I—I—er—I thought he'd like it," said Katherine shamefacedly.

"Thought he would like it," echoed Mrs. Compton, "I suppose you didn't care whether I would or not."

"I didn't, much," thought Katherine, and with all the dignity her fifteen years could assume, she marched away. She was afraid to anger her mother any further, so she went into the old-fashioned parlour to "practice"—after a fashion.

Presently she drew from the front of her blouse waist, a sheet of paper—upon it, written in round, childish script, was a poem—that is, Katherine called it a poem. It was descriptive of a pair of blue eyes: her "Stars of Life," her "Light." She looked at it lovingly, then drew forth from beneath a stack of music, a small book of "music paper," and settled herself to compose a tune. Earnestly she worked,

and in half an hour's time had the notes all set down correctly. She was preparing to arrange the time for the composition, and the value of the individual notes, when she was interrupted.

A small, redheaded boy burst into the room.

"Oh, Kathie!" he panted, "you better come quick! Ella's cow has gotten in your flowers and just about et up the whole business!"

"Oh, the nasty ol' pig!" wept Katherine, as she restored book and papers to their former resting places, and followed her brother.

The next day was Sunday, which the Comptons always spent in town with an aunt. At ten o'clock the carriage drew up under the Forest's porte-cochere, where Mrs. Forrest and her daughter, Linda, awaited them.

"Oh, Linda!" cried Katherine, not waiting to reach her, "I've got another!"

While the older and more dignified members of the two families made their way, the men to the front porch to smoke, and the ladies to the "company room" to remove hats and gloves, the little redheaded boy went in search of his cousin Bob; and Linda and Katherine withdrew to the sacred precincts of Linda's own room.

"Now," said Miss Forrest, "you must show it to me while I get ready for church."

The scrap of paper was produced then and received with many exclamations of delight.

"Oh, Kathie!" sighed Linda, "how can you write such lovely poetry and I can't at all?"

"Well, you see," was the reply, "you haven't ever been in love. Linda, I'll tell you something if you'll promise you won't ever, ever tell."

"I won't," said Linda.

"Well," said her cousin, "come close so I can whisper. See this dress I have on?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know, I heard a lady tell mamma what a pretty neck I've got; and this dress has a Dutch neck. Do you see?"

"No," said the puzzled Linda.

"Well, goosey; we have got to get to church late so I can sit right in front of Willie Fort."

"But," was the objection, "suppose somebody else has already got the place? Then what'll you do?"

But in the midst of the discussion of this possible calamity there came a warning voice from downstairs:

"Linda, are you getting ready for church?"

Immediately there was much putting on and fastening of filmy white lace frills and furbelows, much tying of pink ribbons and pinning on of broad, beflowered hats; and presently the young ladies were ready.

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Katherine lay in the hammock with a volume of Tom Moore's poems.

"Some day," she thought, "some girl will be reading my poetry."

Just then the redheaded boy strolled, or rather, strutted —for he was a confident little fellow—onto the porch.

"Say, Kathie. Heard the news?"

"No," she replied, "what?"

"Willie Fort and Judge Semple's old maid girl ran away and got married last night."

The sunshine seemed a mockery. Tom Moore's poetry was like ashes of roses. Katherine went upstairs and presently returned with a composition book, which had a picture of Cupid pasted on the back. She laid the book and a withered rose on the fire in the kitchen stove.

"What dat you bu'nin' up, Miss Kathie?" inquired Ella, the cook.

"Nothing. Just some stuff I don't want any more," said Katherine, indifferently watching the cow eat the last zinnia in her garden.

The stillness of night had fallen over the clay hills, the yellow road, and the broad green fields. From the "Quarter" could be heard the "plunk-plunk" of a banjo, and the melody of an African voice. In the Compton garden the roses glistened with dew. Down by the gate stood a man and a maid. Her hair was piled high on her head, and she wore a simple Romney gown of rose pink, with a train and a Dutch neck.

"Katherine," murmured the man, "say it just once again."

"Oh!" said she, "why Dick, I can't always be saying it."

"Katherine," he said, "have you ever loved any one but me?"

"Oh," she cried again, "No!—yes, once, Dick—a long time ago. You don't care, dear?"

He held her close.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, with a happy little laugh, "I had rather be last than first."

M. B. Linfield.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Entirely surrounded and hidden from view by a grove of large magnolias stood the haunted house. How long it had stood no one knew; and though delapidated and deserted, it was still supported by the huge brick pillars that rose some eight feet high. Below was a cellar, in which wine had probably been kept. In the upper room still hung against the wall an old aeolian harp, from which, at certain times of the year, it was believed, came the sweetest and most delicate music—whether played by the invisible hand of some unknown spirit, no one knew. Many a gruesome tale was told of the old house and its surroundings. The stately magnolias which marked the place could be seen for many miles around. While the sun shone brightly outside the grove, it could scarcely penetrate the green gloom of the wood. A faint, sweet odor, characteristic of the magnolia, was ever present. Fond of the stillness, I often wandered there, but never without feeling awe and fear

because there seemed to be something weird in the very atmosphere of the dark solitude of the old Colonial structure. Only a few miles eastward was the well preserved home of Jefferson Davis, in which he wrote "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy." The sea lay within a stone's throw from the grove, while directly across on an island could be seen an old Spanish fort, abandoned, but still in good preservation. A solitary cannon remained as though it were still defending the deserted barracks.

To the west of the old house was a small store, owned by an old Spaniard. This store he named "Paradise Point." The Spaniard was a curiosity to every one. His face and hands were little more than skin and bones. His sharp features and small, keen eyes easily attracted attention, but he never spoke to any one unless compelled to.. He appeared poor, giving nothing and receiving nothing in return. The poor old fellow had no relatives, still he lived on, the solitary survivor of a once strong and bold clan. Mystery seemed to surround him, and the very sight of him often reminded me of the old haunted house. His melancholy nature, his quaint expressions and his very features, all seemed to be in perfect harmony with the gloomy old building. Once, years before, he had been seen standing on the steps of the old house at midnight stretching forth his hands appealingly toward the sea. I always listened eagerly to his tales of adventure, but of these he would seldom talk preferring to sit silently smoking his pipe and gazing over the sea. I tried, in vain, to learn something of his early life. Only once or twice did I question him about his father, for he aways turned the conversation abruptly. I learned this much, however: He had an elder brother who was killed in a battle. But after telling me this much, he fell into a gloomy, reticent mood from which no one could arouse him.

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The night of the thirteenth of February was dark and cloudy. A storm was approaching from the east, and the lightning flashed vehemently, warning all travelers to seek

shelter. It was midnight, and my companion and I were returning from the bedside of a sick friend. We were traveling at a rapid pace in order to reach home before the storm. Suddenly our horses swerved and darted to the right. We soon go tthem under control, however, but they refused to go forward. The haunted house stood directly ahead of us. I urged my horse once more to go ahead, but he only shied and snorted the more. "Did you hear that sound?" asked my companion? I listened, and sure enough a low moan reached my ears. Without doubt, it came from the old house. A strange feeling came over me. All those ghostly stories I had heard flashed through my brain. Was that sound of some unearthly being? No. It was unmistakably the cry of some human in pain! Then my curiosity overcame my fear. "Come," I said, "let's hitch our horses and investigate." After much persuasion, my companion dismounted, and slowly we made our way to the house.

We were now within the grove. How ghastly everything seemed. All was still save the soft, cool sea breeze that rustled through the huge leaves, and all quiet except the occasional moan. As we ascended the steps the groans ceased, and all was for a moment deathly still. A strange and awful feeling seemed to overwhelm my courage, and I would have turned back had not the moaning been repeated. Grasping our revolvers, we entered the room from which the sound came. From over in the far corner came the pitiful cry of some one in agony. Then the lightning flash and—did my eyes deceive me? No; there lay a man to be sure; but who was he? Again came the lightning which showed the stern features of the old Spaniard—a face once dark, but now pale and drawn with pain. After hurrying my companion back for a physician, I went over where the old man lay. By the lightning flash he recognized me. I gave him a drink of whiskey that I happened to have with me, to stimulate him until the physician could arrive.

"There is a story," he said, "and a secret." The whiskey seemed to revive him and he began:

"Years ago, when but a boy, we were very happy. My father was a pirate, a cruel man indeed, but never was there a braver heart. When he heard of the battle of Fort Massachusetts and the massacre of my brother, with other captured inmates, he came seeking revenge. My mother came with him and the crew.

"It was a cold night in February, eighty years ago tonight, that he landed and came here to this house, then unoccupied, to spend the night. He went out, and did not return until midnight. His crew had become mutinous and had deserted him. He had been drinking, and was very angry, cursing everything and everybody. Then he—Oh! I am chilled at the thought of it!—he, in cold blood, murdered my mother and little sister, here—here in this very room. I fled, not knowing where I went. Later I returned to find no one here. Oh! where were they! Could I never see their faces again?

"Sadly I left the house, but dared not tell any one my story, for fear my father might return and be brought to death. Years have I waited for him, but not a ship flying a pirate flag have I seen.

"Every year, since their disappearance, on this night, and at this hour, have I come here, and have seen a lady, with a child in one arm and a lantern on the other, descend these steps, walk down the sandy shoals into the roaring billows, and then disappear.

"Did you not see her tonight? Then you came too late—She was here—and tonight I saw her face. It was pale. She stared at me—a deathly stare. Not a night has passed that I have not seen that face in my dreams."

His voice began to waver, and he hardly spoke above a whisper.

"There is a hidden treasure," he whispered. "Hidden in a secret vault. The vault is——." All was silent. I placed my ear to his lips. No sound came from them.

He had passed into that infinite unknown and his secret had gone with him.

CHAS. A. GALLOWAY.

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE

"Well, Dick, old fellow," said Jones one day as his friend, Richard Brown, a thriving young broker, came into the smoking department,"how are you? Come have a cigar with me. You certainly must have had a good dinner today, for your face looks like a glowing Jack-o'-lantern. Won't you tell me about it?"

"It isn't that," said Brown, sitting down and lighting a cigar. "You haven't heard the latest, then? No? Do you remember Smith, my rival, who is in business only a few doors above me in the Flatiron Building?"

"Yes, certainly I do. Why?" asked his friend with increased interest.

"I shall go into business with him in January," said Brown, slowly blowing the smoke in rings about his head and smilingly noting the effect of the news upon his friend.

"What splendid luck, old boy! How did you manage it? Come tell me about it," said Jones, his curiosity now thoroughly aroused.

"Well, last Monday morning I came to my office a bit late and everything went wrong all day. Business was dull, and I was not in an enviable mood, when I closed up my office for the night. I was walking slowly down the street when my attention was attracted by a brilliantly colored poster of the latest show. As it was to be on Monday night, I decided to buy two tickets, telegraph my wife, and see if I could not drive away my cares in this manner.

"I went to the theatre, and, after buying the tickets, hastened to a telegraph office and sent the following telegram to Kate:

" 'Have gotten theatre tickets. Come on evening train. —Dick.'

"I knew that this would be a surprise to Kate, and that she would probably answer the telegram. So I sat down and read the evening paper while I was waiting for a reply. After

a short time, the operator said, 'Here's your answer, sir,' and handed the paper over to me. It read thus:

" 'Have invited eight friends. Will arrive on 7:30 train. Mr. Smith invited.—KATE.'

"I was very much puzzled, but at last I unraveled the mystery. The operator had made the message read: 'Have got ten theatre tickets.' Kate, naturally enough, had invited the eight friends to make up the party! What was I to do? I made a hasty examination of my pockets and found that I had two theatre tickets, one dollar and a half in change, my gold watch, and the brass watch you boys teased me so much about paying the old drummer fifty dollars for. You remember it, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Jones, laughing heartily, "as if I could forget that! It always reminds me of the whistle Franklin bought when he was a small boy."

"At any rate it was especially hard to bear," continued Brown, "for the simple fact that Kate had invited Mr. Smith with whom I had always wished to stand well. I did not know what to do. All my business friends, from whom I could easily have borrowed the money, had gone to their homes, some fifteen miles distant, nearly an hour and a half before. I glanced at my watch, and saw that it was exactly half past six! I had no time to go back to my office, which was about fifteen miles away; so I boarded a car, and hastened to the theatre. The ticket agent told me there was not a single seat left in the house, except a box which would seat ten people! I asked him if he would not wait for the money until eight o'clock the next morning. He said, 'I am sorry, sir; but we cannot do business that way. It is against the rules of the Company.' I walked slowly out and stood on the sidewalk thinking harder than I ever had in my entire life. Jim, I had never been (as Uncle Pompey says) so 'clean at my row's end' before in my life.

"As I was standing there, a sudden idea struck me. Why not pawn my gold watch? I could easily redeem it the next

morning. Fortunately there was a pawn shop on the other side of the street. I hastened across, entered, and went quickly up to the counter. Every one was busy except a young clerk, who came up and asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted twenty-five dollars on my gold watch and handed him one without even glancing at it. He glanced at it hurriedly and gave me the money. I signed my name and ran, rather than walked out of the door and across the street, as it was already seven thirty-five. As I came nearer to the sidewalk I nearly ran into a policeman. He glanced at me suspiciously but passed on. I went in, bought the tickets, and had scarcely gotten them into my hands before my party came up.

"We went inside and were soon absorbed in the play. My spirits had risen on account of my successful escape from the embarrassing situation, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. Mr. Smith and I became interested in a friendly business talk and before the play was over he congratulated me on my thriving business, which he considered excellent for a man of my age. He then cordially invited me to take luncheon with him on the Wednesday following, as he had a small matter of business he wished to talk over with me."

"I was secretly elated over the estimation he had formed of me, and began to think how fortunate it was that the operator had twisted the telegram. As we were walking out of the theatre, I heard some one say ,'There he is!' I turned around and there stood the young clerk of the pawn shop and the policeman whom I had almost come into collision with! The policeman stepped up and said, 'Pardon me, sir, but I must detain you a moment.'

" 'Why?' I asked, in astonishment at the sudden turn of affairs.

" 'Well, I will give this gentleman a chance to explain why,' he said sneeringly.

"The clerk stepped up and said, 'You pawned a watch a few hours ago, didn't you?' He looked at me so anxiously that a horrible idea struck me. I reached quickly into my

vest pocket, and you may imagine my surprise and consternation when I pulled out my gold watch! I suddenly comprehended the state of affairs. I had pawned that brass watch by mistake and nothing but exposure, pure and simple, could result from the clerk's explanation! I was powerless to pervent it, however, but said, 'Yes, I did.'

" 'Well, I was in an awful hurry while you were in the shop, and did not examine the watch you pawned very carefully, but your nervous haste aroused my suspicions. After your departure I examined the watch and to my horror, (for I am new at the business) I found it was almost worthless. I went out in search of a policeman and by some singular coincidence I met this gentleman, who saw you enter the theatre. It was, as I had feared not your fault but merely a result of my own carelessness. My friend, here, told me that my chance of regaining the money depended entirely on your honesty.'

"I was very much embarrassed, Jim, for nothing remained for me to do but to confess the whole miserable story. I explained the whole matter as briefly as I could and convinced the clerk of my innocence by producing the gold watch and handing it over to him with the promise that I would redeem it the next day. I could not help advising him, however, to be more careful, as he would not meet with such luck many times in the future.

"Every one had a good laugh at my strange experience, in which the policeman and the clerk, now thoroughly convinced of my honesty, joined heartily. Never in all my life had I been teased quite so much as I was that night. Mr. Smith said that it was the best joke he had ever heard in his life.

"On Wednesday, however, I took luncheon with Mr. Smith. He was very friendly, and talked with me awhile about business in general. After we had finished our lunch, and sat smoking by the sitting room fire, he said, 'Brown, you are the man for whom I have been waiting for years. Without flattery, my young friend, you show amazing business

ability for one of your age. My business is, as you know, becoming much too complicated for an old man to attend to well. I like you, and want to make you this proposition: This is November, arrange your business and wind up your affairs, and you may become my Junior partner in January.' You can't imagine how grateful I was, Jim, when I gladly accepted his offer. My highest ambition had been realized as the result of a very laughable division of one little word."

"I always did think you were a lucky dog," said Jones, grasping his friend's hand heartily, but now I know you are **the luckiest.** That operator's mistake turned out well, did it not?"

"Yes, indeed; at least I am very well satisfied with the results. Well, good-bye. I must go now." As he said this he walked quickly away, and the last Jones saw of him, he was walking rapidly down the crowded street whistling merrily.

Myrtle Johnson, '11.

The Millsaps Collegian

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EDITORIALS

M. I. O. A.

The Mississippi Inter-collegiate Oratorical Association was organized at Crystal Springs, Miss., in 1896. The Association consists of University of Mississippi, Mississippi A. & M. College, Mississippi College, and Millsaps College.

The object of this organization was to aid in cultivating the art of oratory among the college men of these various institutions, to bring into closer touch the college life of the educational institutions thus represented, and to contribute to the general prosperity of the educational interests of our State.

Of the thirteen contests held since 1896, Millsaps enjoys the enviable record of having won first honors six times. Of the remaining seven, the U. of M. claims three, Mississippi College three, and A. &. M. one.

While this is a splendid showing for Millsaps, we are, by no means, content to rest upon the laurels of the past. The prevailing sentiment among us is that the time has come when we must win again.

The selection of our representative, Mr. Thomas L. Bailey, has met with the hearty approval of the students. Bailey is undoubtedly the strongest and most influential man in College, enjoying the thorough confidence of both faculty and students: a well-rounded man, being Anniversarian for his Literary Society; in the Y. M. C. A., twice delegate to Southwestern Students' Conference, at Ruston, La.; in Athletics, left tackle on the 'Varsity foot ball team; he has held a position on the editorial staff of THE COLLEGIAN and is now Editor-in-Chief of the College Annual. Mr. Bailey is peculiarly fitted to fill the place entrusted to him—an eloquent speaker and a strong, and forceful writer, a man who has gained his place by hard work and sheer force of merit—the kind of man it takes to win in these days.

But, fellows, we, the student body as a whole, have no small part in this contest. Of course "Bill" Bailey is going to use all the power and force within him to win, but he can work with a great deal more vim and determination if he can feel that he has the enthusiastic co-operation of us fellows backing him.

With a view to this end, your editor suggests that we begin at once to get up plenty of new "snappy" yells and songs appropriate for the occasion. To be successful in this we must have a leader. Nothing can succeed without a head, and unless undertaken in a systematic and business-like manner. We must have a man full of vim and enthusiasm, and who possesses tact and executive ability. I believe it is generally conceded that Boyd Campbell has the reputation of being the

most enthusiastic "rooter" on the campus, so I think we can find no better man to lead the yells. Accordingly permit your editor to suggest that all yells and songs be submitted to Campbell and the best ones can be selected from the lot. Then let every student get a copy of them and memorize them so he can practise them without confusion. And let us begin practice as soon as possible.

In addition to the usual interest we take in these contests, in this one we should uncage all the pent-up energy and vim of College spirit we had hoped to exhibit on the athletic field this spring. If we can not meet the other collegians on the gridiron in the conflict of brawn with brawn, we can meet them at the Oratorical contest in the clash of brain with brain. We want to back our man with all the college spirit we can muster. We must enter the contest prepared and determined to win and victory will be ours.

NOTICE! The Collegian is very much in need of poetry and short stories. Do not grumble when the Magazine does not appear on time, if you have not sent in your share of material. The editors are putting forth every effort to be on time. Remember the part that depends on you.

THE EASY CHAIR

THOS. A. STENNIS, Editor.

DEAR JACK:

Several weeks ago I decided to visit Millsaps again. I packed my old valise with ginger-bread for my young brother, boarded the train at Sullivan's Hollow, and rode into Jackson. Do you know, Jack, that town has changed since we were there. Not a darn thing in the whole place looked familiar. While walking up Capitol street I saw a sign which read, "Brown says 'Drop in,' " but I didn't see anything to drop into, so I walked on. When I got up to the capitol—but Jack, the capitol has moved. A man told me that the capitol is over at the penitentiary ground now; that is a fine place for it—so handy, you know. When I got to the corner of Capitol and State streets, I was so tired I decided to ride on an electric car out to Millsaps. You remember, Jack, they worked gray mules to the cars when we were there, but they told me that a man named Jones sold all the mules and bought bug-juice to pull the cars.

I saw a long moustached gent standing on the corner talking to himself and I asked him which car a stranger might get on if he wanted to go out to Millsaps College. He told me to catch one that had "Through" on it. Now, I didn't want to go through, but I thanked him, and insisted that he take a piece of my ginger-bread. He finally took a piece. You know, Jack, when we were at Millsaps they had cars going out every ninety minutes, but times have changed since the Republicans got into office. I waited over two hours for a car with "Through" on it. Finally I decided to ask somebody about the car. and as I looked around I saw a notice which read, "Ask Ruth Grey." A man told me that Ruth Grey was at the theatre, so I went down and asked her but she wanted to tell me what kind of girl I would marry,

and as I have been married ten years I know more about that than she did. She didn't know anything about the cars so I went back to the corner. In about another hour the car came along. The conductor said that he was a few minutes late but that that was nothing unusual.

Well, when we got to the right place I got off. I tell you, Jack, the scenes of our childhood are different scenes now. The whole campus has changed. The old barn where we used to find eggs has been burned. They say that the burning of that barn was a "Witty" affair, but I don't know. The old dormitory looked natural, but it was silent as a tomb. You know when me and you and Buzz Welch were there, there was something doing all the time, but these young fellows are different. I heard that Buzz has a brother there and that he is a very respectable fellow, in a way—I don't know what way.

The morning after I got there I went to chapel (by the way, I spent the night in the dormitory, and everything was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop). Jack, in chapel it was so quiet that I was lonesome. You remember Dr. Murrah, don't you? I know you do. I remember him, Jack, well, Jack, he was there. He read some verses from the Old Testament, and then asked the Glee Club to sing. That Glee Club, Jack, is a peach. You might say it is a peach-tree, full of peaches. Those peaches sang, "All's quiet along the Potomac tonight." I cried. The fellow who sings on right end is a pair of peaches. He sings, low, medium, and high. mostly high. When the song was finished the boys marched quietly to their seats and the chapel exercises were continued. After prayers three teacher made announcements, and then everybody marched out quietly.

Outside a few of the fellows began talking in whispers, but they soon hushed and went quietly to their rooms. Jack, I was worried. I didn't know what in the world could have been the trouble. I wandered down towards the Science

Hall (there is a fine new library between the main building and Science Hall) trying to find a solution to this perplexing problem.

Jack, I hung around that campus three days trying to find out what was the trouble. I rode one of Mr. Jones's cars to town and asked Ruth Grey about it, but she didn't know. At last I picked out one of the boys who looked a little more intelligent than some of the others, and asked him to tell me whose brother was dead. He told me that everybody was mourning because Henry Frizell had told a joke without any joke to it, and the students were grieving because of the two days which had been spent in breathless expectation waiting for him to get to the laughing place. I asked him if that point had ever been reached, but he didn't know. I was not satisfied with this explanation. I questioned another nice modest young fellow. He was more specific and enlightening. Said that in a recent football game between the faculty and the Methodist Conference, one of the members of the Conference who was opposed to inter-collegiate athletics had been the center of attraction for five members of the faculty at the same psychological instant, and everybody was listening now to hear him drop. One said that they were practicing for April Fool's day. Said that the faculty expected them to raise a rough house that day, but that the faculty would be fooled. Another said that Pinson, the detective, was on the campus to find the thief who stole Dr. Sullivan's buggy, and that everybody was guilty except Prep Welch, so everybody was saying as little as possible. I finally got to the bottom of the case. A nice sweet looking young fellow told me that the students were engaged in thinking. Said they were thinking about the nineteen amendments to the constitution, which he had recently introduced, in the Galloway Literary Society. Those nineteen amendments are to the effect that each month the Society shall elect thirty-two officers of the law with authority to kill, hang or slay any man convicted in the moot court which the Society would

establish under the first ten articles of the eleventh amendment. This, he said, was one of the most important changes that had ever been made in any society of any age. I agreed with him, Jack, for I was afraid not to. You should have seen the fire flash from his eyes when he was talking about those amendments.

Jack, it is getting late, so I must hurry. I told this nice sweet looking young fellow that I would use all my influence with the Board of Trustees to have a monument erected to his memory when he leaves college,

Jack, a man told me that the Millsaps Alumni are going to have a big banquet at the Edwards House next June. Suppose we go up and eat with our old pals.

If this rambling concoction has tired you, Jack, you must pardon me. Since we have been getting out a daily paper here you hear most of the news before it happens, so there is very little left for me to tell you.

One more thing about my trip, Jack. Do you believe in dreams? There is a fellow at Millsaps named "Legs" whose dreams always come true. He dreamed the other night that he was freezing to death; woke up and Bill Bailey had all the cover. Went to sleep again, and dreamed that he was awake. Woke up and he was.

Jack, if there is anything you want to know, write and ask me. Sincerely,

SILAS.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

BERTHA LOUISE RICKETTS, EDITOR.

The January exchanges are as a whole the best that have come to us. One of the best of this month's issues is The Emory Phoenix. In this, "The Second Plan" appealed to us very strongly. The characters are drawn perfectly, the plot simple, amusing, and the development of it shows quite an insight into darky nature. A simple story well told, as this is, and taken, in this instance, from the writer's own back-yard, is worth more it seems to us than any number of plots from the regions of imagination. We can find plenty of plots thrilling enough, romantic enough to suit the most particular, at our very door, could we only see them. It is these things that we know best that we can write best; the nearer to us, the more real, and the more interesting we can make it seem. We enjoyed the other things in this magazine for the same reason that we enjoyed "The Second Plan"—they are all local enough to be well executed, and well enough executed to be of interest to anyone. The verse compares favorably with the average college poetry. The various departments are also creditable.

The St. Mary's Muse is one of the smallest, yet one of the best magazines we have read. The cover is attractive., the material well arranged. The opening poem, "Epiphany," is excellent. "In the Firelight" is as charming a little legend as one could wish to read. The introduction is very wel written, the story told delightfully. "The Close of a Winter's Day" gives a picture, nothing more, but the Theocritean idea of "little pictures" has always appealed to us very strongly —there is the picture, make of it what you please, set it in a story to suit yourself. Anything more is as unnecessary as the frame to a perfect picture. Alone it is artistic, in a story it might be commonplace. The second piece of verse,

"New Year, the King," also deserves mention. "When 'Marse Jim' Com Home" is good, the dialect and negro expression especially praiseworthy. We have only one adverse criticism of The Muse to make, the editorials are too short, and some of the departments lacking. But as a whole, the magazine is a good one.

The Hendrix College Mirror is an exchange which it is a pleasure to review, nor is the January number below the standard. The story "How He Won Her" is very entertaining, the plot is good and well developed. "The Real Causes of the Civil War" present quite a clear view of a rather difficult csubjet. Of the poetry, the translation of Horace, Ode XIII, deserves mention. "Heart's Ease," tho evidently carefully written, has some rather strained lines. The departments are well edited.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: Emory Phoenix, Andrew College Journal, The Bessie Tift Journal, The Spectator, The Review and Bulletin, Ouachita Ripples, The S. P. U. Journal, The College Reflector, The University of Mississippi Magazine, The University of Virginia Magazine, St. Mary's Muse, Hendrix College Mirror, Black and Gold, Cardinal and Cream, The Mississippi College Magazine

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Said a bearded "Med." to a fair Co-ed,
"I'm like a ship at sea;
Exams are near, and I do fear,
That I will busted be."

"Oh, no!" she said, "I'll be your shore;
Come, rest, your journey o'er."
Darkness fell, and all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.

—University of Miss. Magazine.

Epiphany.

By high stars led,
With great hopes sped,
From East to West,
On glorious quest
The Wise Men tread!

Thro' desert sand,
And alien land,
Their star abides,
And onward guides
That Hope-drawn band!

Nor fray, nor stay,
Nor devious way,
Can turn aside
Their seeking wide,
Befall what may!

Beyond each bar,
They follow far
The beckoning gleam,
The Heavenly beam,
Their fair great Star!

Until at last,
The long way past,
By stable door,
O'er manger floor,
Their star stays fast!
: : : :
With great light led,
With rare gifts sped,
Is this the end
To which they wend!—
A stable shed?

—(Elleneen E. Checkley, in St. Mary's Muse.)

My Lady o' Memories.

Her garden now is bramble grown
  Where days agone she used to sit
  And smiling, speak and singing, knit,
In low bodiced and ruffled gown.
Her ambered hair is silver sown,
  Across her face the shadows flit;
  But all her life is memory lit,
And never does she feel alone,
  For all along her way has she
  Been storing happy memories.
    Rose scented these in after life
  When things that were have ceased to be
Save in her dreams and phantasies
  O'er one long kept daguerrotype.

—(University of Virginia Magazine.)

BU$INE$$ MANAGER$ $ONG.

How dear to my heart
I$ the ca$h ubcription,
When the generou$ ubcriber
Preent it to view;
But the one who waon't py,
I refrain from de$cription,
For, perhap$, gentle reader,
That one may be you. —Bus. Mgr.

"Prof. Gentry, having married a couple, eagerly grasped the groom by the hand and nervously said, 'Is it kistomary to cuss the bride?' "—Ex.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. J. MULLINS, Editor

Recently we had very forcibly called to our minds the inactive loyalty of our Alumni. And now in the beginning, do not regard me as a critic, but one whose sole purpose here is to enliven the interest of each alumnus in the Alma Mater so dear to the heart of every one of you. In looking over the mailing list of our business manager, I found that the names of less than twelve alumni appeared as regular subscribers. When we think of the many who have graduated here this is startling indeed. How are you to keep in touch with the college unless by reading its monthly and weekly publications? This is not a business proposition with us. The magazine is published with the primary purpose of advertising the college, and every one interested in its welfare should lend their aid in the effort.

Often we have made appeals to you to send in information of your whereabouts, so that this department could be made interesting and the embarrassment of the editor thus partly relieved, but they all seem to have fallen on deaf ears. Some of you have had charge of this department and doubtless remember how hard it is to make it interesting, so "in memory of the past, come to the aid of the present."

One great purpose, and really, duty of all alumni should be influencing young men to come to Millsaps. What have you done toward filling our halls with boys? Alumnae, what do you do toward sending us Co-eds? Now, I know you are busy with your present vocation, but stop to consider these things, "shake off your dignity, and let's get busy."

We are fast approaching the time for the Annual Commencement reunion. We have heard it rumored from several sources that it is to be celebrated by a banquet. This is a

step in the right direction. If Millsaps is to hold the place she is now occupying among the leading colleges, she should not be slow in adopting the customs of higher colleges and universities. So let's begin work now with the view of making this banquet and reunion a great success. For it to be a success means that we must have present a greater per cent of those belonging to the Association (and why not all?), so start now to arrange your business so that you may come back for a few days to the scenes of your college days.

We are highly pleased with the stand the alumni have taken in our struggle for inter-collegiate athletics. The recent article of Mr. Charlton Alexander, in the Purple and White agreeing exactly with the sentiment of the student body, we believe expressed that of the alumni as a whole on this subject. Very soon the many young ministers Millsaps has sent out will be entitled to votes in Conference, and then, when "the old order changeth, giving place to the new," we believe we will get the longed-for permission to play inter-collegiate games. For you who have been here as students understand the situation better than those who were never surrounded by the present college environments.

C. C. Applewhite, '07, visited his brother and friends on the campus on Feb. 6th and 7th.

Gilbert Cook, '08, Principal of Johns High School, stopped over with us en route to his home at Crystal Springs on the 6th.

Rev. J. T. McCafferty, '01, spent several days on the campus recently doing some special work in the library.

Rev. J. R. Bright, '07, came down from Tutwiler and spent several days with campus friends recently. Jim Bob informed us that according to present indications there will be a "Mrs. Bright," in the near future.

Prof. J. A. Blount came up on the 6th to be present at the "riding of Brer Goat."

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. M. GUINN, EDITOR.

Some one has said that the most responsible position that comes to a man during his college life is the presidency of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is indeed a position full of the greatest possibilities for influencing men in righteous living. Since it carries such tremendous responsibilities with it the object of this article shall be to convince its readers of the importance of a careful selection of a man to fill this place, and, furthermore, we hope that it may be of interest to the one who may be elected.

The president should be a man of executive ability, one who is able to get men to co-operate and undertake things and must be energetic enough to keep them at work. This is essential. In every college there are natural leaders and natural followers. It would be a death-blow to place a man of the latter class at the head of the Association. A true leader must know how to lead, must keep well in front, and must be able to get others to follow.

To make the Association an aggressive force its leaders must have clear, deep and abiding convictions concerning its purpose and possibilities. A leader should be acquainted with the most approved methods of doing work, and if at the time of his election, he does not possess this quality, he should at once acquaint himself with such.

He should be a good business man. He ought to be trustworthy, as interests of eternal importance are entrusted to his care. He should be careful about details and should work carefully over the small things if he is to be ruler over all. If he is going to give proper attention to the many duties devolved upon himself he must be systematic. He should be foresighted and tactful in order to have influence with all classes. He should be resourceful and enterprising, in

order to put and keep the Association on a high stage of efficiency.

When possible a man should hold the presidency who has a good record as a student. If he can be an honor man so much the better, provided he possesses the more essential qualifications. This will give the Association good standing with the faculty and best students, and too, a man of this type will be more apt to study the work and problems of the Association.

Hopefulness is a characteristic quality of a good president. A pessimist should not hold such an office. No field is too difficult for a hopeful leader born of a vital faith in a living God. "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; is there anything too hard for me?"

The president should be a man without reproach. The eyes of every man in college are upon him, and if he indulges in known sins or questionable practices, he not only hurts his own life, but he seriously undermines the influence and spiritual power of the Association. While he may not consider some things wrong, yet, if by holding to them he will become a stumbling block to others, they should be willingly given up.

Finally, is it necessary to say that the president should be a man of the deepest spirituality? There are hundreds of difficulties which await him on all sides, and unless he walks very near God he can not meet them in the right spirit. If he is to be a leader for God and for right, he must be led of Him. He is a chosen leader, and as he is, so will be the Association. If he is narrow in his beliefs the Association will be comparatively barren in spiritual results; but if he is broad and considerate the Association will reap an abundant harvest.

The possibility of finding a man possessed of these qualifications may be questioned by some, but let it be remembered that a number of Associations today have such men at their helm, and that such results are attainable only through prayer and careful selection.

RETIRING PRESIDENT.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

C. C. HAND, EDITOR.

It is believed by some that Bishop Morrison, in putting his foot down on inter-collegiate athletics, so to speak, has killed it forever. This is not necessarily so. There is no sane man who will not listen to reason. Some are inclined to treat this matter in a sarcastic way. That will never gain anything. Outbursts of rage never converted a man. It is true Conference has taken a decided stand against us, but let's meet them fair and square in an open free-for-all debate. We've got the argument to back our stand, so let them have it full force! Let them know that there are more sides than one to this question, and impress upon them the fact that we are ready to present the other side. The athletic editor of the Purple and White is to be congratulated upon the calm forceful way in which he has presented facts to them. And sending this paper to them, as we do, such argument cannot fail to attract their attention and further consideration. All we want is for them to investigate this subject deeper and think it over for awhile from our point of view, and the victory is ours.

It is possible for the athletic avenues of our College publications to be overstocked with this plea for inter-collegiate athletics. Of course, we should devote a portion of the space in each issue to that subject, but not to such an extent that the other phases are neglected. We must not starve ourselves to death while striving for better food.

We have unexcelled material for track work and baseball. Prof. Noble is more than willing to do all in his power to develop a track team. Let everyone who has any ability along that line, come out. It will not only do you immediate good, but will keep you in trim, ready for the contest when we shall have the gained privilege of such.

Let the baseball manager get to work and arrange a schedule so that class games can begin as soon as the weather will permit. Several games between different boarding houses have already been played and, judging from the manner in which the players conducted themselves on the field, one could safely say that with a little training, they will develop into players excelled by none.

There has been some talk of an inter-class tennis tournament to be played sometime in the spring. But of late interest in that seems to be dying out. That movement should by all means be carried through. Tennis is not, as some people think, a mere play-thing. As much exercise is involved in playing a game of tennis as in a baseball game. We do not want to put out football or baseball athletes alone, but all-'round fellows, developed and accomplished in every line of athletics. A one-sided athlete is no better than a narrow-minded fanatic. Let us go into every line with all the energy we have and we will make a success out of whatever we undertake.

The Millsaps Collegian

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A Promise Kept.

In 1886 President Cleveland appointed John Barton, of Macon, Mississippi, Consul at Matanzas. At that time this young man was practicing law in his home town in partnership with Randolph Dillon, an old college friend. That he should have sought such an appointment, and been willing to leave his practice, home and friends, to accept it, appeared strange at first, but shortly a rumor gained currency which explained it satisfactorily to the gossips of the town.

Lucy Poindexter, so the rumor ran, had broken her engagement with Barton, for just what reason, no one had been able to discover; but the fact remained that they no longer appeared at weekly prayer-meeting together, nor strolled along the shady streets on Sunday afternoons. Also, (convincing evidence!) her diamond ring had not been noticed for several weeks, and a little gold locket no longer dangled on his watch-fob.

However that may have been, the following August found him some twenty-five miles back in the hills west of Matanzas, refugeeing from yellow fever which was then devastating that city. Here he was camping alone, except for Tom, his negro boy, and most of his time was spent in reading, fishing and sleeping---with the diversion of an occasional newspaper or letter from home. His little bungalow was

situated in a rather lonely spot, so after a few weeks time began to hang heavily on his hands.

One particular evening at he sat on his veranda smoking, he was unusually lonely and despondent. For the first time he felt homesick. He thought of his father and mother at home, of his friends, of Dillon in his office, and it is just possible that he gave more than an occasional thought to a certain dark-eyed maid. Indeed, judging from the expression on his attractive countenance, his thought weres not of the most pleasant kind. So deep was he in his reverie, that black Tom came up the walk unobserved.

"Mr. John, heah's a lettah fer yer"—Barton came to himself.

"Let's see. Why, it's from Dillon---at last." He hastily tore open the envelope and read:

"Macon, Miss., Aug. 15, 1886.

"Dear Old Boy—I'm coming! Yes, it's a fact! I got your letter this morning and it seemed so everlasting mournful, ending with that pathetic little wish that I'd come down to your rescue. I just began to think about it seriously, and I am actually going to make my long promised visit. I will be on my way before you get this. I am coming by way of Havana, thus avoiding quarantines, and expect to arrive at your place of abode, about 6 P. M., on Thursday, August 16th,. Cheer up, old fellow, I'm coming.

"Yours, RANDOLPH."

"Well, by Jove," cried Barton, "this is the best ever! Dolph will be here tomorrow, Tom! I declare it's most too good to believe," and he gave a boyish whoop, to the great amusement of the grinning darkey.

Most of the next day he spent in impatiently consulting a time-table, and in giving directions to Tom. Late that afternoon he was walking restlessly up and down the gallery when Tom returned from the station with some necessary groceries, and the news that the train was reported an hour and a half late.

"An hour and a half late?" repeated Barton. "That'll put him in at seven-thirty, and here about eight. Well, there's nothing to do but wait, I suppose. He'll have had supper, Tom, before he get's here, so you may get yours and go on to bed," for the darkey had a fondness for sleep that caused him to retire often long before sunset. Barton picked up a magazine and composed himself to read, but he seemed unable to put his mind on it, for directly he tossed it aside and returned to his pipe and his musings.

Evening was coming. The air was very still, almost oppressive., the birds, the trees, everything seemed to have paused to rest in the growing darkness, and wait for the night. Barton sat and smoked. The light of the sunset faded from the sky and the sudden darkness of the tropics was descending. when he saw a dim familiar form coming up the road, and heard the merry call, "Hello, John, here I am!"

Barton dropped his pipe and ran down the steps to the gate to meet his friend.

"Come right in, old boy," he said, giving him a hearty handshake, "I am ceratnily glad to see you. Why, that rascal Tom told me the train was an hour and a half late, so here I sat waiting while you came out alone. Where's your baggage? But I'll send Tom for it early in the morning. How did you leave the folks? Had your supper?" he continued as they walked up the steps.

"Just fine, fine! O, yes, I've had my supper long ago,—just let me get my coat off and I'll be perfectly comfortable."

A few minutes later they were seated on the veranda, coats off, smoking some of Barton's best cigars, and trying to tell each other all that had happened in the last year. Barton had little to tell—his life as consul had been rather an uneventful one. But Dillon brought home news in abundance, and far into the night they sat and talked, of things and people at home, of politics and business affairs, of everything and everybody. Barton thought, save of the one person concerning whom he most wished to hear.

The moon rose up behind the trees, shone bright in the little valley, and lit up the bungalow, making clear cut shadows on the veranda, where sat the two friends talking. At last the little clock inside struck twelve. Barton remembered that his friend had taken a long journey that day, and suggested that they retire.

"We'll have a whole week more to talk," he said, rising reluctantly, "and you ought to get some rest tonight."

"Yes," answered Dillon, "but before I go, I have a message to deliver,"

"A message?" said Barton, turning toward his friend with quickened pulse beat, "A message?"

"Yes, a message," he replied. "The night before I left home I went to see Lucy. We sat on the old rose-covered gallery and talked a long time—of everything, I think, but you. But when I rose to go, 'Wait,' she said, 'wait a minute, before you go—when you see him, tell him, tell him'— she paused, and began again. 'You know we heard he had yellow fever. Well, then, it was I realized how dear he is to me—tell him—no, just give him this,' and she unclasped the little chain about her neck, and handed me this tiny gold locket. 'Just give him this, and he will understand.' " Putting his hand in his pocket Dillon drew it out. Barton seized it eagerly, and pressing the spring, held it full in the moonlight, and saw her sweet face looking up at him, smiling, serene, beautiful. For a moment he could not speak, then—"Dolph," he began, holding out his hand—

"I'm so glad," Dillon said simply. "Good-night," and he went on in to his room.

Barton lay awake a long time thinking and dreaming for he was very happy. At last, he fell asleep, with the little locket pressed close against his cheek.

The sun shining in, awoke him the next morning. In the first dim moment, between waking and sleeping, he wondered what had happened to make him feel so happy, remembered, and felt for the locket. It was gone. Perplexed,

and troubled with a strange foreboding of ill, he called Tom and sent him to the station for his friend's baggage. When Tom returned he found Barton seated on the front steps.

"Dey say dah ain't no baggage dar, Mr. John, ain't none belongin' to no Mr. Dolph Dillon. Yassir, I ax de man you tol' me to, an' he say de train jes went on thru, didn' nobody git off'n."

"You're crazy, or that man is," Barton replied crossly. "You may just go back for the baggage after youv'e fixed breakfast, guess I'd better call Dolph," he continued to himself, and he stepped across the hall to the opposite door. "Dolph! Dolph!" he called. "Get up, old fellow, breakfast is almost ready. Dolph! Dolph"—and Barton pounded vigorously on the door. Still there was no sound from within. Finally, growing impatient Barton threw open the door—there was no one there.

"Well, he must have beat me up," thought he. "I guess he's somewhere around." But he looked and could see no one anywhere about. Coming in he met Tom "Don't look lak anybody slep in dat bed in dar—it's jest lak we lef' it." Hurrying in Barton found it as Tom said. By this time, he was completely puzzled and somewhat uneasy.

"I'll wait awhile, Tom, then if he doesn't come in, we'll have to set out and look for him."

But tho they waited and looked, and searched the valley over, and even went on to the station, Dolph was not to be found. Nor had anyone at the station seen or heard of him. So the morning passed, and a stifling, hot afternoon, and a night of weary unrest for Barton. He did not know what to think of it. He recalled every circumstance, and could not convince himself that he was the victim of a hallucination,—the presence had been too real, too life-like. He wrote an account of the visit and conversation, making careful note of the time at which his friend had come, and of the hour when he bade him good-night at the bedroom door. And the

locket! That was another thing to puzzle over, for it had disappeared as completely as the person who brought it.

Several days passed when a letter came. It was from his father, Barton saw, so he opened it anxiously, hoping to find an explanation; and he did, for the letter ran as follows:

"Macon, Miss., Aug. 20, 1887.

"My dear Son—You have doubtless received the letter Dillon wrote on Tuesday, and are wondering why he did not come when you expected him. He had bought his ticket, and told us all good-bye, but that very night shortly after coming home, he was taken with a chill—the beginning of phneumonia. Thursday evening, on August 16th, about seven o'clock, he became unconscious. He remained in this state until just after the clock struck twelve, when he opened his eyes and said quite clearly and distinctly, 'Here it is—I'm so glad—good-night.' Those were his last words, he died a few minutes later."

Barton slowly drew from his pocket the account he had written of his friend's visit and compared dates. At the same hour when Dillon sank into unconsciousness at his home in Mississippi, he had appeared to him in Cuba. He died at the very moment when the two had said good-night.

'09.

The Test of Gordon.

"Come in," called a cheery voice in answer to a thunderous knock on the door of No. 11. In response to the pleasant call eight or ten robust juniors and seniors trooped into the room of Lawrence Gordon, each with a book under his arm.

"Hello, kid! Come over to study some Greek with you," said the leader, a strong, heavy built handsome boy—Jim Blake by name.

"Strikes me you fellows are getting to work pretty late —just the night before examination. I venture to say not a one of you can read more than one chapter in the whole book," was Gordon's reply.

"One chapter!" cried several, "we'd hate to think that we could wade through ten lines of the rotten stuff."

"It's nothin' to me," said Billy Moorland, a dapper youth "whether I can read a line of it after to-morrow. I'm just takin' the exam. because the 'Gov.' says I've got to clear out if I don't pass in it."—This with a twirl of his cane, which seemed to Gordon to be an indispensable appendage of his toilette.

"Well, this is not work," chimed two or three voices.

"Let's have your jack, Gordon," said Jim Blake.

"Haven't one," was the terse reply.

Several whistles and various exclamations met this astounding declaration.

"Gee! knew you were a pretty good fellow, but didn't know you were a theolog," came from the depths of a sofa pillow.

"Neither am I", was the reply. "Generally manage to get along without one."

"Well, Hunt, step over to your room and get us one," commanded Jim.

"Don't trouble yourself when you can get one nearer home," said the one with the cane,"here's one fresh from the

press; just got 'im this morning. Have to get one on the average of three times a year."

This announcement was greeted with a grunt of satisfac - tion from Hunt, and a scramble for chairs around the reading table ensued. At this Gordon closed his book and laid it with his Greek dictionary under the table.

"You boys are perfectly welcome to study in my room," he said. "I've finished my review in Greek and I'm going to work on my English now. Starting in so late, I have those three stories to write that the other fellows had all along, and it's no easy job."

So saying, he settled himself in his chair to plan out the stories.

Glances were exchanged all around the table:

"See here, Gordon, you've got to lend us a helping hand; we've all got to pull through this exam. or fail to make the team. You've got four days to work on those stories and a 'pull' with Prof. Dodson besides. He'd give you a month's time on them if you wanted it and you know it."

"Pshaw! Blake, you know that's a myth about my hav- ing a 'pull' and I see no reason why you fellows can't go ahead with your review without me."

"We want you to read this jack for us while we follow. I tell you we are hard up, for we've got to pass and none of us have any grades to fall back on. You know what it would mean to us to miss the team for this stuff."

"But I tell you I need the time on my other work. I would help you if I had the time."

"See here, Gordon, we're ten to one, and you'd better come across gracefully while you can. It's pure contrariness on your part." And Burke threw the "jack" towards him; but instead of coming across as he was bidden, Gordon got up and walking to the corner of the room, caught up several books from among the pile of pillows.

At this sign of resistance there were several winks and meaning glances exchanged between those at the table. They

proceeded to joke and taunt him. Gordon took several turns up and down the room, his face growing redder and redder with righteous anger all the while. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"I think you fellows are presuming indeed to come here in this way and make demands on my time. None of you would do the same for me, especially if you had entered college three months late as I have."

At this they pretended to become irritated.

"You just take your choice, Gordon, between reading that 'jack' and a good paddling," spoke Welby.

"Now, boys, I've made my decision, and I mean to stick to it." And so saying he backed into a corner.

With a wink from Billy several grasped Gordon by the shoulders and with a "Come along, kid, and take your medicine," they dragged him out of the room and down the stairs.

The hazing that Gordon got was the talk of the college for a week after.

The next morning he was found lying unconscious in the soft mud directly under his window. When he regained consciousness the doctor, on questioning him, found that he had had a night-mare caused from his initiation, and being a somnambulist he had, in trying to escape from his imaginary pursuers, jumped through the window. As a result he was confined to his bed for some weeks. The shock to his nervous system had been severe.

Several days later the same ten boys were gathered together on the dormitory steps.

"Really, fellows, now, come down to the bottom of the matter, it was our fault. You know he told the doctor that he had a night-mare and it was all about that hazing we gave him. And he walks in his sleep, too," one of them was saying.

"Yes, we were the cause of it," said Jim Blake, "and I reckon it's up to us to do something for him. You know, fellows, he is a fine athlete. All of you who have seen him in the gymnasium will testify to that. I heard him say that he

had played football before, so I talked to our captain yesterday and we agreed to put him as a 'sub' on the Varsity team if you fellows are willing."

"Why, yes, let's do that," was the immediate response from nearly every one.

"And then, too, boys, we all know from experience that he is the right kind of a fellow for a Y. M. C. A. president. If you say so, we'll nominate him at the next meeting. Brabston is going away and has resigned." This met with the same approval to Jim's delight. He was about to address them again when Billy Moorland interrupted—

"Well, fellows," he said, twirling his cane, "in my opinion you all are carrying this entirely too far. In the first place you don't know who this 'guy' is. After we take him in with our set he might turn out for the bad. Besides he wears such outlandish clothes." This with a satisfied air as he made an inspection of his own clothes. "Guess you'll be footing the doctor's bill next," he added.

"Now see here, Billy Moorland," said Jim, "we all know it's your favorite 'stunt' to judge other people by their clothes; and furthermore we know a fine fellow when we see him, and if you don't want to go in with us in this, you can just stay out. For my part, I'm going up to his room right now and tell him our plans. What's more, though it may surprise you, Billy, I intend to foot the doctor's bill myself, and I'm sure the other boys will help me. To prove it, I am going up to his room now and tell him about it. Any of you boys who want to can go with me.

All declared that they would go also, and share the expenses, except Billy, who walked off with a very injured air, swinging his cane, and muttering something about not getting himself mixed up in any such doings.

"Come in," called a very weak, yet lively voice, and in trooped the nine boys. Gordon smiled good morning to them from amidst the books and papers strewn over his bed. He was at work on his stories. Jim Blake was the first to go up

and give him a hearty hand-shake. The others immediately followed suit.

"Well, old kid, did we do you up? We're awfully sorry and acknowledge that it's all our fault," began Jim.

"O, I was afraid you fellows would think that. You must get that idea out of your heads, though. I have always walked in my sleep, and it's a wonder I haven't killed myself before. At least I have learned a lesson, and that is that resistance does not help a fellow out any," laughed Gordon.

Jim immediately began to lay their plans before him, with the aid of the other boys. Gordon protested, but it was "nine to one" this time and he had to consent.

Before they had left the room, he had gained nine staunch friends of whom Jim Blake was the staunchest. As if to counter-balance this good fortune he had also gained a very bitter enemy, for Billy Moorland was the bane of Gordon's existence throughout his successful career as a college man.

MARGUERITE PARK.

The Blue Pigment.

In an upper story room of a little down-town hotel a man lay dead, and Monsieur Leblum, expert detective, had been called in. On the table were two empty glasses and a half-emptied bottle of whiskey. The blade of a small pen-knife was inserted in the man's temple and in his pocket was found a note from a jockey advising him to bet odds 40 to 1 on a certain race horse. Near the dead man on the floor was found a piece of finger-nail, noticeable because of its striking peculiarity.

Now, doubtless, the ordinary person would say that the note was the real clue, that the man had been murdered by the jockey in order to escape with the money won on the race. Well, the clever detective soon saw through this ruse, and turned his attention to the finger-nail. Monsieur Leblum examined the bit of nail minutely which to the casual ob-

server was of a soiled, darkish color, with a wide crack running down the middle, but to the eye of the detective it was a revelation. First, the color was brown, not white, as it first appeared, indicating that its owner belonged to one of the dark skinned races. Second, the nail was rough and curved inward at the top, suggesting that it was worn by a laborer. Then there was the peculiar crack, to his eye most important, because it seemed to be the result of neither accident nor defect. The more closely he scrutinized it, the more interested he became. Finally, after washing away a little of the dirt he began to gain an insight into the mystery. Satisfied as to the identity of the nail, the next problem was, how came the nail to be broken off, for from its rough appearance it had evidently not been cut. An idea struck him; he opened the window, and just as he had suspected, was a fire-escape closely beside it. Thus far correct, he went down stairs to examine the foot of the ladder. There, to his disappointment, he found nothing, as hard concrete tells no tales. Then having carefully pocketed his discovery, he left.

When he reached his private apartments, he locked the doors, and immediately began a close examination under miscroscope; then he placed the nail on the table and drawing from his cabinet a vial of colorless liquid, applied the acid to the nail. It revealed this: The aperture which first seemed to be a crack was a narrow oblong cavity, on each side of which was a small hole; above and below these were smaller holes filled with bluish pigment. Now, only one nation on earth tortured and decorated their nails in this manner. He placed his globe before him on the table and from his library took two books, one a government atlas, the other a curious volume, entitled, "Islanders and their peculiarities," which he had obtained in an obscure curio shop in San Francisco. He was slowly turning the pages of the latter. Ah, here it was at last! He read, "These islanders have a peculiar and barbarous way of decorating their nails," etc. Then he turned to his globe and found that this island was one of a group of

three situated in the south Pacific, hundreds of miles from any continent. He discovered to his delight that on one of the adjoining islands was a large prison and coaling station. The next thing he did was to look in his prison reports for the most recent escapes. Ah, here it was, "James Kingsley, counterfeiter, about five feet tall, of a powerful build and with a high projecting forehead and massive jaws, a wide scar ran across his nose, disappeared August tenth with an islander." Next, he went to the reports of two years back and found an account of the case. Much counterfeit money was being skillfully distributed. The criminal was even too clever for the best detectives. Finally he was betrayed by one of his assistants for the enormous reward offered. He was immediately arrested and carried to prison raving like a maniac and swearing he would kill his betrayer. That was enough, he slammed the book, and phoned the police headquarters.

"Hello, chief! You know who I am. Have two policemen sent around to my room at once. Thank you. Goodbye." Twenty minutes later there was a knock at the door, and the three departed.

They were now on the water-front. M. Leblum sought out the dirtiest and dingiest of the cheap taverns. The three entered and sure enough, there seated before them were the men the detective was in search of. The men were talking earnestly and seemed not to have noticed the intruders, so the policemen slipped up behind the victims and hand-cuffed them before they could resist.

On being questioned, in the court two weeks later, the prisoner confessed all. M. Leblum's conclusions were verified exactly. This was briefly his story: He had been a skillful counterfeiter, but was betrayed and imprisoned on an island. The convicts were subjected to labor in the fields; here he met his little friend. One day they escaped, concealed in the hold of a vessel which had stopped to coal. He had been searching for the murdered man for about three months, when one day he chanced to see him on the street. Kingsley followed him

to the hotel, then seeing an approaching policeman, darted into an adjoining alley. Suddenly, a light appeared above him, and he had a fleeting glimpse of Brown. What luck! At last he was to have his long-sought revenge. That night he and his little friend returned to the alley, but they did not know how to gain access to the room. Finally the little savage, finding the fire-escape, climbed nimbly into the room, with Kingsley as soon as possible arriving on the scene in time to find Brown killed, and the murderer gleefully cutting all kinds of capers around him. To cover their retreat, Kingsley wrote the note with his left hand, and thrust it into the victim's pocket. Next he secured all the letters which he thought dangerous. He pulled out the islander's dagger and inserted Brown's pen-knife in the temple. Then they left. As for the nail, it must have broken off while the boy ascended the ladder, but hung on until he reached the room.

ALBERT A. GREEN, JR.

The Finish.

James Ingram was an ambitious Freshman. Not that there was ever an unambitious Freshman. Of course James wanted to be a poplar college man, a famous athlete, and a "shark" in general among his fellows. Was there ever a Freshman who didn't? But there was one especial honor which he had long desired, one goal which he had toward long set his face. He wanted to win the two and a half mile race which was to be contested at the annual field day on April 24. He wanted to finish the hard run at the head of the struggling line of athletes, amid the cheers and huzzas of his companions. He had run once in a high school contest and received more than one compliment upon his skill, but he had never won a race. Somehow, it seemed that there was always someone just a little ahead of him at the finish, someone just a little swifter than he; and yet he always finished fresh; it seemed that ne never ran his best when it was most necessary.

To run so hard and come so near winning without ever doing so was extremely discouraging to him.

Since he had come to college, James had continued his practicing, and not without some success, but there were two men who invariably beat him in the two and a half mile race. Sometimes he was beaten slightly, sometimes badly; but always with the feeling that he had not done his best. It was this impression only which kept him from despairing completely. "After all," he thought, "my opponents may misjudge my ability, and waste their strength in the early part of the race, thus giving me the advantage; then I will for the first time, do my best." Thus encouraged, he continued his practicing and strengthened his determination to be among the first at the finish. Day after day he made his run; day after day he was defeated; and after each defeat he was strengthened in his impression that he could run much faster than he ever had. Thus the days went slowly by until the appointed field day was near at hand—the day when the athlete's heart beat high, and when the results of weeks of hard training were to be determined.

On the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, the contestants for the various events marched upon the field. The hammer throw, the shot put, the broad jump, the high jump, the pole vault, the hurdle race, and the dashes were in order contested and decided. At last the mile race was completed, leaving but one event, the most difficult and important of them all.

The sun was setting behind the western hills, as the contestants for the two and a half mile race were summoned. James Ingram went forward with the rest. He had been sitting for the last half-hour by the side of a fair girl of sixteen. Much encouragement had she given him of late. "Run your best and do not spare yourself," is what she had said to him, and he had determined to do so. As he went into the race he knew that Miriam Burton was placing her confidence in his ability, was hoping with all her heart for his success, and was standing ready to praise him in victory or cheer him

in defeat, and the thought encouraged him. He now had a double purpose for winning the race. He was running not for his own sake only but for hers also. He wanted to make her proud of him. With her words still ringing in his ears, he stepped out upon the track among fourteen other contestants. To say that he was perfectly calm would not be wholly correct. He knew that he could run a good race, but despite all his confidence, a slight shudder went through his frame, as the pistol rang out and he swung into his natural gait.

The race course led along a quiet country road. The first few hundred yards were perfectly level, then came a slight slope into a creek bottom, covered with sand; after which was a bridge, a rise, and an upland clay road. The distance to the bridge was one mile, and from there, one and a half miles back to the campus. The last mile and a half was over a level clay road.

At the very beginning of the race, Roger Franklin and Edward Senore, Ingram's most formidable opponents, took the lead neck to neck; Ingram and Ford came next. Ford was a college freak. He had not once practiced with the rest of the boys, but had instead run alone, so that James did not know his record, but this young athlete did not fear Ford, his misgivings were all toward Roger Franklin.

By the time the sand stretch had been reached it appeared as if Franklin and Senore were running a mile race rather than a two and a half contest; they were running at their best speed through the heavy sand bed. When James saw this foolish waste of energy, he rejoiced inwardly for he knew that his most dangerous opponents were destroying all their chances for the final sprint. As he continued slowly through the sand, by the side of Ford, he saw them reach the bridge, ascend the rise, and disappear in a curve in the road.

"After all," he thought, "hadn't I better prevent their getting too great a lead on me?" At this thought he quickened his speed and, having thus traversed the remaining

part of the sand track much sooner than he otherwise would have done, crossed the bridge, ascended the rise, casting one backward glance at Ford and the other runners still plodding through the sand, he set out upon the clay road. The leaders were still obscured from his view by the trees bordering the crooked road, and a frantic desire to gain the lead seized him, —he doubled his speed. A short distance farther on he passed the unfortunate Senore, lying beside the road, breathing heavily. He had expended his strength in the first mile, and was now able to go no farther. James was warned that he too might be running too fast, but as Franklin was still out of sight he refused to slacken his pace. In another moment he saw that running also moving at a slow trot, only a short distance ahead of him; at the time time he looked back and saw, to his surprise, that Ford was only a little way behind him.

When Franklin saw that he was about to be overtaken he increased his speed, but Ingram after a short sprint, passed him and took the lead. Just as he did so he was reminded by the mile post that only a half mile more remained to be run; but even as he was rejoicing at his probable victory, he began to realize that his strength was going from him. He had already tired himself by his increased speed, and as he felt himself beginning to weaken, a sickening fear that he would be unable to finish the last half mile came over him. A gentle breeze fanned his cheek, the cool shade encouraged him, high up in a giant oak a small mocking bird sang him her sweetest song, and a sparkling stream, crossing his path invited him to drink. As the white road stretched out before him, a mist came over his weary eyes. He felt that to go on might mean his death; had not men before died in the race?

Then he thought of Miriam, of her words of encouragement, and of what he knew she expected of him. No! It would never do to stop! Just then he heard the steady breathing of someone not far away; turning, he beheld, to his despair, not ten feet behind him, the runner whom he had not feared —Robert Ford. In his practice alone, Ford had developed

himself with unusual skill, and he now appeared as his most dangerous opponent in the very hour of Ingram's victory.

The hopelessness which had formerly possessed James now changed to complete resignation; he heard once more the words of exhortation, "Run your best and do not spare yourself," he determined to keep ten feet between Ford and himself, no matter what the cost. Summoning all his remaining strength to his aid, now less than a quarter of a mile from the grand stand and already in sight of the field, he started forward once more. His head throbbed heavily, his arms swung mechanically to and fro, and his sight became blurred as he struggled forward. On and on he ran, never slackening his pace, never considering his limit of endurance. He ran as he had never run before, and for the first time in his life he ran his best. He concentrated every fibre of his being into the one purpose of keeping the lead. Suddenly his exhaustion ceased, all feelings of weakness went from him, and he moved onward mechanically.

At last he heard a long cheer from the waiting crowd Glancing up he saw a short distance away the unbroken tape —the tape which he had so longed to break. Was it to be his privilege to break it at last? He ran onward with an unbroken pace, and rapidly approached the coveted goal. On and on, until he felt the tape break, heard the last long cheer of the crowd, and experienced the supreme joy of victory'. The finish had come and gone, and he had done his best.

Hendrix Mitchell, '12.

C'EST LA VIE.

Old letters all around me,
And scattered on the floor,
I sat beside the window,
And read them o'er and o'er.
The rain outside was falling,
I heaved a mournful sigh,
And hung my little kerchief
Upon the chair to dry.
The letters all piled neatly ,
At last in little rows,
I laid them in a shoe-box,
With many doleful "Ohs!"
I slipped from off my finger
The little diamond ring,
I wrapped it up in paper
And tied it round with string.
At last I put the lid on
And bade them all adiew
I took them to the office
And they went off at two.
Last week I sent the box off—
I know by now it's there,
But if I'd never sent it,
I wonder if I'd care.
Today I met the postman
My heart began to beat
He handed me a postal—
The registry receipt!

The Millsaps Collegian

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BERTHA LOUISE RICKETTS.....Associate Editor
THOS. A. STENNIS.....Local Editor
L. BARRETT JONES.....Literary Editor
R. J. MULLINS.....Alumni Editor
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ISSUED THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF EACH MONTH DURING COLLEGE YEAR.

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EDITORIALS

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

Millsaps feels the need of more of that indefinable and almost indispensable something known as college spirit. Various theories have been advanced as to the reasons for this deficiency. Our favorite excuse, when the subject is mentioned is, "What's the use? We can't have intercollegiate athletics." Whether consciously or unconsciously, we have fallen into nursing the sickly feeling that athletics must necessarily constitute the sole factor of college spirit. Without

question, it holds a prominent place in the forming of this spirit. But be that as it may, we are concerned with the needs of the present and the opportunities it affords.

Shall we be content to sit down with folded hands and drooped head, discouraged and ready to give up, all simply because we are hampered along one line of our development? Shall we allow the grief for what might have been to blind our eyes to the still greater opportunities of the things that are? Amid our enthusiasm for athletics we are apt to forget that we already possess unlimited privileges to manifest college spirit in a higher and far more important field of development. Each day with its attendant duties presents countless opportunities for us to exhibit loyalty to our Alma Mater. The very manner in which we go about our daily tasks, the way we discharge our obligations toward the college organizations we have sworn to support, the interest we take in those things of college life that are not absolutely required, such as prize contests in essays, short story and poetry writing, and contests in public speaking; all test our college spirit.

Recently our monthly magazine has been adversely criticized in the exchange department for its lack of heavy material. Your editor searches in vain for an essay worth publishing. And what would we do for short stories if it were not for the Sophomore English class? Only now and then we receive a story written voluntarily, and once in a while a poem. Here is a chance to exercise our college spirit.

We are surrounded on all sides by rare but unused privileges staring us in the face, privileges which we are not only free but constantly urged to utilize. Nevertheless, lured by the delusion that college spirit consists solely in athletic enthusiasm, we stumble over these real opportunities we already possess in our efforts to gain what we have not, but what we misconceive to be the only source of college spirit. Certainly it is but a characteristic of human nature to ever reach out after the thing we have not, forgetting the possibilities of the common everyday things that lie at our door, imagining

the other thing to be better. And Millsaps men, like most other people, are intensely human! But the man who seeing his error willfully continues in the old way—what shall we say of him?

NOTICE! The delay in publication this month is due to the sickness of several members of the staff—mumps!!!!

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

THOS. A. STENNIS, Editor.

The mumps! ! !

If you haven't had it, look out! Guinn, Bufkin, Crisler and Crockett have been the latest to indulge and judging from their appearance, the mumps is a swell article, alright.

The fourth and last number of our Lyceum attractions will be given in chapel about the middle of April. At that time George Elliott will lecture. Elliott comes to us well recommended, and no doubt he will appear before a large audience.

Whetson: "Holmes, have you got Math. today?"
Holmes—"No, I have trig, though."

"Afraid to eat anything they like for fear that it will agree with them"—Crisler and Frizell.

At the business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on the first Friday night in March, the following officers were elected and installed: President, J. M. Guinn; Vice President, D. R. Wasson; Secretary, C. E. Johnson; Treasurer, F. L. Williams. These men are strong and influential on the campus and with the co-operation nad assistance of the student body they promise to make next session the most successful in the history of our Association.

The Junior and Senior history classes expect to visit places of interest in the vicinity of Natchez during the Teachers' Association. Dr. Walmsley will accompany the young enthusiasts and we are sure that great benefit will be derived from the trip.

The Millsaps-Southern debate will take place on the first Friday night in May. This is several weeks later than the debate has been held herctofore, but it doesn't matter with us, when it comes off, for we feel confident that we are going to come out victorious. Our debaters have been putting a great deal of time on the preparation of their argument and knowing them as we do, we feel sure that our unbroken string of victories will soon have another number to its credit.

The last installment of the Annual work has been sent to the publishers. Our Annual will be among the best ever published by a Southern College, and our editor-in-chief and business manager deserve great praise for the amount of time which they have taken from their other numerous duties in order to make the Bobashela what it ought to be. For the past two years our business managers have had great difficulty in collecting from the students, because of delay on the part of the publishers and assistant editors in getting the material arranged on time; this year, however, all the material is in on time and the annuals will be on the campus not later than the twenty-fifth of May.

We understand that one member of the Junior class has written to his father for one hundred dollars with which to buy second-hand history books for next year's use. Better write for fifty dollars more, so as to buy all his books.

Although the place for holding the Oratorical Contest has not been decided upon as yet, it is time we were beginning to practice on the yells and songs which we expect to use on the second Friday in May night. We are going to win this year, so let's have something to say when the decision is given.

Some of our poets should compose a few new yells at once so we can get in training. Of course our old yells are good ones but a few variations would break the monotony. The representatives of the four members of the Association are Leavell from the University, Johnson from Mississippi College, Mullins from the A. & M., and Bailey from Millsaps.

The anniversaries of the two Literary societies will occur in a few weeks. The Galloways will celebrate on the night of April the ninth, and the Lamars will hold forth two weeks later.

The Commencement invitations have been ordered and will be on sale in a few weeks. See some member of the committee in charge, and make arrangements to let your friends know that you would like for them to be with us from June the fourth to the ninth.

Wanted!—To know why the Department of Biology has become so popular since examinations.

Mr. Ford Converse has returned to college after spending a few days recuperating at his home near Brookhaven.

See the Business Manager of the COLLEGIAN if you desire a high grade business college scholarship.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

L. BARRETT JONES, Editor.

In Lewis Rand, Miss Johnston has written a story that portrays with true vividness the times when the nation oppressed on one side by the British and bullied on the other by the French, was fighting, as yet, by the pen, for its very existence; and when Ambition, as exemplified in the schemes of Aaron Burr, was the ruler of men.

The story is a tragedy. The tragedy of two lives that seemed ordained to be diametrically opposed—Lewis Rand and Ludwell Cary; the first a self-made man, the second a scion of an old family; the one of massive intellect, the other the trained scholar of a trained race. Ambition, not without a sense of honor, was the ruler of the former; honor, and all that it implied to early nineteenth century gentlemen, the standard of the latter. Only in one point did the men coincide—both were good fighters.

Lewis Rand was a poor man's son, but by accident became the protege of Thomas Jefferson. By work he became a leader at the bar and a power in the democratic party. He was of the type who rule by persuasion as long as it serves; and then, if necessary, crushes by brute force. A man, who knew among men no master and yet was as much a servant to Ambition as his own servant was slave to him. And it was this Ambition that caused him to bring sorrow to everyone he touched. But the strength of his character is shown by his surrendering himself seven months after he killed Cary—a trait rarely exhibited in men of today. As a character he is well drawn. His words are forceful and yet sane. His emotions natural and strong as is always the way with men who have fought the up-hill fight.

The next character of importance is Ludwell Cary, and a lovable character is he. A man of the type born to dis-

appointments, and yet fighting on long after many others would have quit. Again, in character delineation, has the author succeeded.

The heroine, Jacqueline Churchhill, is a type of woman that the old South rejoiced in—strong in will, devotion and character.

The story is the best in descriptive power the author has yet written. The characters are well drawn, each contributing exactly its part to the movement of the story. The conversation is very natural. In fact, the only fault to be found with the novel is historical inaccuracy in some places. However, this does not detract from the story, which, as a thesis, so to speak, on the subject, "It is strange what pace we grow to call victory," is well and pleasingly done. The story closes, as all true tragedies must, with the reader thinking and wondering what might have been.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

BERTHA LOUISE RICKETTS, EDITOR.

The College Reflector for February is probably the best number we have received from the A. & M. College. The short stories and the histories of the two literary societies are good, but the verse could be improved. "In the Name of the Owl," is a well-written story. "A Twisted Affair" is quite entertaining, the plot is original and very well developed. "A Romantic Success" deserves mention also. The fact that there are six persons in the magazine shows that some interest is taken in the production of verse, but the quality thereof is not perfect; many single lines are good, but there are others which sound rather strained, and the meter is not always good. The departments cannot be criticised. In the Athletic Department we find an article on Clean Athletics that expresses some very fine sentiments. The Locals are especially interesting.

We regret that the Whitworth Clionian is not issued with more regularity, for the January-February number contains some very good material and shows some ability on the part of the editors and contributors. "Leaves from the Diary of Beatrice Nevers," is very well written, but "The Spirit of the Carnival" appealed to us more than did any of the other short stories. The article on Self-Reliance contains some good thoughts, and gives evidence of having been carefully written. Departmentally the Clionian is somewhat weak, but the editorials and the Exchange Departments are good.

The Gibsonian is another magazine which appears very irregularly. In the September-November number, which we have just received, the first article on Public Libraries vs. Private Book Ownership, contains some good arguments, but they are not well expressed. The sentences are often incomplete and faulty in construction, the grammar is not good. "Leaves from a College Girl's Diary" is an account of a pleasure trip, told quite interestingly. "The Answer of the Telephone" has neither worth of plot or treatment, in fact, it is rather difficult to get the meaning in some parts of it. The Editorial Department, however, is excellent. The editorial on the Effect of Literary Societies on College Spirit is especially good.

The University of Mississippi Magazine needs more of almost everything, yet the February number contains some features of worth. The one short story, "The Green Light" is the old haunted house-plot, yet it is well treated, and the fact that there is no attempt made at explanation increases its value from a literary standpoint. "The Tale of the Brook" shows a truly remarkable flow of words, especially adjectives, and some poetic thought. We cannot justly criticise it, however, until the conclusion appears. "Babylon" is quite musical, and is, we think, the best poem in the magazine. We are glad to see an editorial on Studying in Chapel. This is a practice which is becoming altogether too common. It shows

an entire lack of reverence, and we commend any attempt to stop it.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: The Bessie Tift Journal, The Hendrix College Mirorr, Emory Phoenix, University of Mississippi Magazine, University of Virginia Magazine, The Spectator, The College Reflector, The Whitworth Clionian, The Gibsonian, Cardinal and Cream, The Blue and Bronze, Oracle.

FROM THE EXCHANGES.

When some beside the toilsome road
Have sunk, by heavy burdens pressed,
The loving Father lifts their load
And gives His weary children rest.

When others, in the daily strife
Against the evil, faint and fail,
They cry unto the Lord of Life
And by His strength they can prevail.
O Lord, a blessing grant to me!
Too weak am I to bear the length
Of each day's toil; and if it be
Thy will, O give—not rest—but strength!
—H. Louise Burchell, in Blue and Bronze.

Man's words to man are often flat,
Man's words to woman flatter;
Two men may often stand and chat,
Two women stand and chatter.
—College Reflector.

Mary got a little "lam,"
She got it from her mother;
Now, she says that she'll be good,
And does not want another.—Ex.

"My Ole Mammy"

Honey, I'se sho' glad ter see yer,—
  Done growed up ter be a man;
Come here, chile, an' tell me howdy,
  Jes' le' me shake yer hand.
Is dat de place yer goes ter school,
  Up dar among dem trees?
  I nebber seed de like ob dat,—
  An' men-folks, thick es bees.
Which house yer says de one, my chile—
  Yer say dey all is schools!
Well, nemn er God, dat sho' is strange,
  Yer chillun must be fools.
I knows yer's smart as you kin be,
  I'se talkin' 'bout my betters,—
But doan' fergit yer got yer start
  When I larnt yer de letters.
An' so yer's comin' back, young Marse,
  Ter buy ole Ingleside?
I clar ter goodness, ain't dat nice—
  I's bound yer brings a bride!
Yer send me word an' I'll be dar,—
  Leas' ways, I'll do my bes,—
I hopes ter nuss yo' chillun, chile,
  Befo' I goes ter rest.

—University of Virginia Magazine.

"Woman," hissed the student, "woman, do you thus spurn my heart, after leading me on?"

"When did I lead you on, as you call it?"

"Did you not tell me that the fortune teller told you, that you were to wed a handsome, blonde young man, with the grace of a Greek god and the voice of an Aeolian harp?"
—Exchange.

They stood beside the meadow bars,
  Beneath the twinkling sky,
Above them, evening's stars
  Like diamonds shone on high.
They stood knee-deep in clover,
  But whispered not of vows;
As, silently, they lingered there—
  Two peaceful Jersey cows.—Ex.

Dear Fannie May,—Can I count on you for a Millsaps gal?
Be little Basil's "Kappa Sig" Pal!
—SPECTATOR.

"Pa, why do people speak of Dame Gossip?"
"Because, son, it isn't polite to leave off the 'e'."—Ex.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. J. MULLINS, Editor

This has been an unusually quiet month in the Alumni circle, no one has even married. In fact, there has been a silence to compare with that "Silas" spoken of in his last letter to "Jack." If "Silas" would take one of his rambling trips among the alumni he would find the same change o spirit and indifference be found on the campus, and, too, he would need some Pinkerton ability to get much information. But we are soon to overcome all this. We are going to have one of the greatest reunions in June you have seen since you left Millsaps, and there we are going to adopt a method by which we may keep in closer touch with each other and with our Alma Mater. Pittman and W. S. Ridgeway are in charge and you know they always had the reputation of "doing things."

We were glad to welcome on our campus again Rev. Norman Guice, '00, who assisted Rev. Harbin in the Y. M. C. A. revival. He is doing a great work and we are indeed thankful for the influence of such men.

Rev. J. W. McGee visits us right often. It is indeed a pleasure to meet "Brother Mac." He always has a smile and a pleasant word for everyone. He is now located at the State Pentitentiary—as Chaplain, however.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lambert Neill visited Mrs. Neill's parents in Jackson recently.

What the members of the Class of 1907 are doing:

C. C. Applewhite is teaching at Kilmichael.
Oscar Backstrom is Superintendent of Education of Greene County.
J. R. Bright is a minister at Tutwiler.
J. W. Frost is a planter at Oakland.
J. A. McKee is a mintster at Denver, Col.
C. L. Neill is teaching at Hattiesburg.
Miss Susie Ridgeway is teaching at Jackson.
A. L. Rodgers, at New Albany.
W. A. Williams is teaching at Edwards.
J. L. Berry is a merchant at Prentiss.
H. H. Bullock is a teacher at Morton.
L. K. Carlton is a law student at the University of Mississippi.
J. W. Lock is a teacher at Woodville.
G. C. Terrall is a medical student at Tulane.
S. T. Osborne is keeping books at Norfield.
H. W. Pearce, a medical student at Vanderbilt.
J. W. Weems is a merchant at Shubuta.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. M. GUINN, EDITOR.

WHY STUDY THE BIBLE?

Bible Study is not an end in itself. Sometimes our intellectual appetites have been keener than our spiritual, and we have deceived ourselves into supposing that we have fed our souls, when only our minds have been stimulated. In fact, we may as well confess it, both our mental and our spiritual appetites sometimes leave us and our study becomes a mere form.

The growth in spiritual life should be the one great aim in Bible study. You may ask what it is to grow in spiritual life. This question was answered by our Lord, "And this is Life eternal, that they should know Thee, the only true God, and Him whom Thou didst send, even Jesus Christ." Paul expressed a similar conviction when he said, "Yea, verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord. . . . that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings." In other words, to become better acquainted with our Heavenly Father is to grow in spiritual life.

Anyone will admit that the Bible is a revelation of God, —if so, then, is it not logical to say that the objective in its study should be to know God? Again, you may ask what it is to know Him. Assuredly more is implied in these statements by Jesus and Paul than a mere scientific investigation of data and a making of generalizations regarding God's person and will.

Christ expressed the idea that the more we are willing to become like God, the more we shall know of Him. Knowing God, therefore, implies a willingness to be transformed into His likeness, and is bound to result in such a transformation. Just here then is the test: If we are not growing more like

God we are not really becoming better acquainted with God. "He that loveth not knoweth not God."

The real objective in Bible study is to know God, as Abraham did, until we, too, can be called His friends. Our Master called us to this intimate friendship when He said, "No longer do I call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard from my Father I have made known unto you."

Every time we engage in Bible study, then, we should realize that the Bible is given us to help us to become better acquainted with our Heavenly Father, and thus to make us grow more like Him. If our study does not result in fellowship with Him, it is failing to nourish our spiritual life, and can no longer be classed as devotional. Then, unless our Bible study stimulates our life of communion with God, it is of no spiritual value, and we miss the fundamental benefits derived from our study.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

C. C. HAND, EDITOR.

A man" either retrogrades or advances physically in proportion to the amount of exercise he takes. He at no time remains the same. If he is well developed, he must exercise to stay in that form. If he is not well developed, he must exercise to keep from getting worse. Evolution is continually in action. The opinion is fast gaining ground that the progress of the world is not due so much to men of talent and genius as to the well-organized, finely balanced men of ordinary abilities, who can stay at their posts of duty when the more brilliant competitors have wearied of well doing, sickened of their surroundings, and dropped out of the race. Man's ability is do physical or intellectual work depends upon

his ability to generate force; that is, to convert food, water, and air into organic faculty, then into effective energy. Whenever a man rises to pre-eminence in any walk of life, it is because of this generating power."

His mental and physical faculties must be trained and developed together and in unison. When the one develops without the other, the perfect all-round man is lacking—to a certain extent; but when both these developments are in harmony and grow side by side, then the best results are obtained. A great many boys, when they go off to college, fail to appreciate this fact and consequently do not get as much out of college life as they would otherwise.

You admit athletics is a good thing rather than an evil, then why confine it to the campus? It is true that occasionally inter-collegiate athletics are carried to an extreme, but by proper legislation and restriction, this state of affairs can be avoided. Then, there is so much in its favor. When all the students have learned to pull together for a common end, college spirit will have developed to such an extent that nothing can shake its foundation. Inter-collegiate athletics will develop this state of affairs and for this reason, every one who really loves Millsaps and has her interests at heart ought to contribute his efforts to achieve this end.

Just because we are denied the privilege of playing games with other colleges, do not lose interest in class games, and let your spirit droop, but let each do his part in developing such forms as we have for there is nothing that should command the interests of faculty and students more than bodily training. If you are not inclined to play baseball, join the tennis association, or go to the gym. Grieving over what "might have been" not only will not help but will do harm in that it will create more dissatisfaction with what is. These class teams will furnish excellent material from which to pick a Varsity when one is needed. Improve the opportunities we have and perhaps before our energies are exhausted, those in charge will come to our rescue and give us what we desire.

The Millsaps Collegian

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The Effects of Arthur's Magical Birth on the Idylls of The King.

A thoughtful reader of the Idylls of the King cannot but be struck with the mystery concerning Arthur's birth. In the very beginning of the poems rumors reach our ears saying that he is not the rightful heir to the throne, or that he is of supernatural origin. The first Idyll is taken up with descriptions of his coming, his wars, his purposes, yet we are in as much doubt concerning his birth at its close as at its beginning. King Leodogran hesitates to give his daughter in marriage to him because of these rumors.

Now the question arises, "What is the purpose of this mystery"? What is accomplished by the uncertainty of Arthur's birth?

The question is not so easily answered as asked, but in reviewing the Idylls we note that Arthur is placed in an atmosphere above his knights. He is referred to as the "stainless king,"—in battle he is fired with a supernatural valor, which conquers every foe. Everyone who comes in his presence is overcome with awe and reverence. It seems that inspiration goes out from him; we look on him as the embodiment of honor, chivalry, and valor. His knights are bound to obey him. They are only doing his will; he is the life and soul of the order he has created; with him will disappear the noble purposes and valiant deeds. His dream of a stainless round table will vanish with the dreamer.

This lofty position of Arthur has much to do with the poems. The conception of a kingdom of knights stainless and pure, yet mighty in war is more divine than human. And the personage who builds up such a kingdom must be superhuman. The task is not one for a man, however brave and strong he may be. The mystery about Arthur's origin gives his character just enough of the supernatural to make him fill all the requirements; it is the link binding together the human and the mythical.

And just as the magic birth of Arthur is the link binding together the ideal "round table" it is also the crevice through which steals the first germs of decay. A doubt creeps in as to whether the vows of Arthur are not too strict to be kept by human men. He is not subject to the temptations of common men and because he keeps the vows does not make it possible for them to do so. Were there no doubt about his being entirely human there could be none about their being able to live up to his standard, but when the possibility of his being more than a man comes in there also comes the possibility of the knights not being able to keep their obligations; and consequently the possibility of the downfall of the round table.

Then again Guinivere is given an excuse for her sin. She is nothing more than a human being and naturally would love men. We cannot expect her to devote all her life, love, and affections to one so far above her that she can never be his equal. Human nature demands companionship. She longed for "warmth and color"—for some one whom she could understand. Arthur is made so far from sin, so high above her that she is dazed by the impossibility of reaching him, and seeks companionship nearer her level. While we blame and censure her for her faithlessness, yet we cannot but sympathize with her also. The mystery concerning Arthur's birth gives rise to her misconception of his nature, and increases the tragedy at the climax, when Guinivere looks at the ruin she has brought on the kingdom, at the broken vows,

the crushed hopes, the lost ambitions, and cries out in her grief and agony, "Ah, great and gentle lord, . . . to whom my false voluptuous pride, that took full easily all impressions from below, would not look up, or half despised the height to which I would not, or could not climb,—I thought I could not breathe in that fine air, that pure severity of light—I yearned for warmth and color which I found in Launcelot,—now I see thee what thou art, thou art the highest and most human, too, not Launcelot nor another."

We feel that Guinivere did not realize the magnitude of her crime until it was too late; she looked on Arthur more as a saint than a man. She did not see the human nature hidden behind the mask of the divine.

Tristam gives us a very good summary of the effect of the mystery surrounding Arthur on the knighthood in his speech to Isolt, "That weird legend of his birth, with Merlin's mystic babble about his end amazed me; . . he seemed to me no man, but Michael trampling Satan; so I swore, being amazed; but this went by—the vows!—they served their use, their time; for every knight believed him a greater than himself, and every follower eyed him as a God; till he being lifted up beyond himself, did mightier deeds than elsewise he had done, and so the realm was made; but then their vows—first mainly through the sullying of the Queen—began to gall the knighthood, asking whence has Arthur right to bind them to himself? Dropt down from heaven? Washed up from the deep? They failed to trace him through the flesh and blood of the old kings; whence then? A doubtful lord to kind them by inviolable vows, which flesh and blood perforce would violate; for feel this arm of mine—the tide within red with free chase and heather scented air; pulsing full man; can Arthur make me pure as any maiden child? Lock up my tongue from uttering freely what I freely hear? Bind me to one? The wide world laughs at it—"

We would say then, that the magical birth of Arthur lends enchantment to the Idylls; that it gives a glamour to

the king which awed his knights and made them sware vows of knighthood which they could not keep; that it gave rise to controversy concerning his right to the throne, and his right to bind his knights in submission to him; that it caused Guinivere to despair of reaching the height to which he had risen; and caused her to turn for companionship to Launcelot, thus breaking her sacred vows to him, and planting the first seeds of decay which spread through the ideal knighthood and caused the ultimate fall of the round table.

J. H. Brooks.

He Told the Biggest One.

"Dave, are you through—aren't you?"

"No, by gad, no!" was Davis's irritated response to Hoke Daniel's tantalizing query.

Dave Hunt in his turn was telling the crowd of loafers in Holt's room a very dry, hard-to-see-the-point tale of a "big" bear hunt he had taken while on a visit to his uncle in Colorado. No doubt his story was interesting enough, if told entertainingly; but, as usual, Hunt had failed to draw the word picture as he had seen and experienced it. Anyway, whether interesting or uninteresting, his audience decided to give him the "horse laugh." And if you could have heard the roar of laughter which followed his heated reply to Daniel's inquiry, you would certainly testify to the fact that it was an insult—one calculated to make Dave "cussin" mad, and mad is a concrete term as used here; for Dave let fly several heavy-weight oaths and left the room, slamming the door with a bang.

They all laughed heartily after he had gone, and then Jack Thornton attempted to go to "his studying." Bub Stone asked him to remain and smoke another pipeful while "I give you a real-hard-to-believe, unbelievable-nevertheless-true story; for this thing is truth as distinguished from false-

hood," said Davis, in an attempt to command attention and to lend credibility to his tale.

"If you wouldn't run in such a big oath, all uncalled for, I might believe you," sneered "Rosy Ted."

"All joking and lying aside, this is a true story. But as I said, it is hard to believe, for I've seen and heard, and still I can't help feeling that it is a fake. You know how people are—how negroes carry on. Blind Tom was a parallel in several respects to John Turner, about whom I intend to tell you. Blind Tom was a black wonder during his wakeful hours, and John Turner is an Ethiopian marvel in his sleeping hours,"—

"That was a big fish story Davis 'tried' to get off on us, and here you come with one that hasn't even the semblance of truth about it," said Daniels.

"Keep quiet, Daniels. As I was saying," continued Thornton, "in every man's life, at some time or other, there comes a crisis; he is forced to decide which of several things he will choose to do. This is especially true of youth—of the younger man. And as true as this is the fact that once, certainly once in every negro's life there somes a summons from God to 'preach my gospel to all the world.' The question of preparation and fitness is for you to decide—some will deny the right of our dark-skinned brother to enter the pearly gates of Heaven, or that he has a soul. And just as the call comes to each of his race, the call came to John Turner. He was twenty-three years old, the age of fullest enjoyment; and like many a worldly young fellow he was not a Christian, but was profanely wicked. Anyway, the call came to John and he realized it. He acknowledged God by defying him with the most reckless mockery, curses and anathemas the satanic spirit could instill in him from his acquaintance with others of Lucifer's representatives. He had cursed God! Often one wonders why He allows some outlandishly wicked men to live in this beautiful creation of His,—but 'in mysterious ways he works His wonders to perform!'—but bear

in mind, as we go along, that John Turner could not then nor can he now read, or write his own name.

"Then, barring spook and fairy tales from my story, and telling it simply, it is this: John Turner preaches in his sleep, or in a trance, if you choose to call it such. Soon after he had cursed God and sworn that he would not preach the gospel he began to do the very thing he had declared he would not do. At first his preaching was irregular, one sermon a week, sometimes two then as the time passed, until now he preaches every night as he lies down to rest. At first his family were amazed at him, afraid of him; and when they told him of his new gift, he vehemently denied it.

"This continued through a long period, when, finally, he became convinced that he actually held a complete service in his sleep,—he sings, prays, reads a Scripture lesson, without a book, takes a text, preaches a sermon of medium length, sings a song in conclusion and dismisses his irregular and sometimes inattentive congregation with prayer. In other words he is a real preacher. He presents his subject, 'Many will be called, but few will be chosen' in a most forcible manner.

"Being an uneducated ignorant negro you would expect him to use poor language, but such is not the case. Only once or twice did his voice range in the characteristic negro twang and only a few times did he use common negro vulgarisms. His sermon was delivered in a very animated and intense style, but it was tinged with a noticeable amount of sarcasm for the world in general, and directed especially towards those who preach the gospel and are themselves worldly and open to sin—to the preachers of the gospel. The part that might have been told first, I will now tell:

"It was eight o'clock or thereabouts when we arrived at his little hut. We drove up, twenty-five of us, and found hm sitting on the steps at the front of his house,—it was in the summer time. One of the boys who knew him and who had heard him preach several times, went to him and told him that a party of us had come to hear him preach. Soon the cabin

door was closed and we were informed that he had gone inside to retire for the night—and the night service.

"Within five minutes after his retirement for worship, we went inside and seated ourselves on boxes, benches, trunks, chairs or whatever we could find that would hold us above the sand-covered floor. He lay there a few minutes, and then turned over a time or two, emitting several low groans. The service then began, and was conducted as before stated.

"No Jake, this is true, and I can give you proof for it. Doctors have tested the case; many prominent physicians, among them Dr. Highup of Atlanta, Ga., have heard him, believed it when forced to, and pronounced him a wonder. One doctor is said to have run a ladies' hat pin through his leg several times, thrown cold water in his face, and in other ways tried to arouse him. But when he begins his service—which he does every night, whether at home or in New York,—he goes through with it before stopping.

"Thus endeth the story,—only, we went home having heard a splendid sermon, and it is to be hoped, better people than when we went there."

"I'll be hanged! You say that's so?"

"Sure, it's true. Goodnight, fellows."

M. C. P.

To Him That Waits.

"Well, Arnold, old chap, I hope you'll have better luck next time. Come on, and I'll see you to your room. You're a bit unsteady, I'm afraid." So saying, I pushed back my chair and rose to go, for I saw that we were already the sole occupants of the club room.

"Hold on there, Southton," he said, fingering the cards nervously. "I have something to talk over with you. There's a matter between us, that's got to be adjusted. It's gone unsettled long enough and this is the first opportunity I've

had of seeing you alone since I began to think seriously of this matter. Sit down."

I knew that he was alluding to our mutual friend, Helen Mowbray, whose charms had for some months bid fair to cause rivalry between two old cronies. So it was with some degree of impatience that I sat down to listen to a drunken speech of Arnold's, which would not have been pleasant even had he been sober and the hour earlier.

"See here," he said, drawing himself up with an effort to a dignified position, "You know you've always been one of the luckiest business fellows in the city. Here I am a poor dog with no home. To crown it all, Uncle John has just told me that I've had my last cent from him. Now, I want you to cut short your friendship with Helen—leave her to me. You may select another girl as your future wife,—you are an eligible in the eyes of many a mother in the city. If I can marry Helen my fortune is made. She and I will be very comfortable on a few of her father's millions. If you should choose to stop this plan of mine, I am gone,—gone to the dogs."

Evidently my friend was not in liquor to the extent I had first guessed. I must make him some sort of reply—he would wait for one. I was shocked at the shallowness of his nature, however. He revealed to me a side that I had never before seen and I shuddered to think of this man, as I saw him now, the husband of such an intelligent and charming girl as was Helen Mowbray. Crowding back these contending emotions—I knew it would gain me nothing to anger him—I answered him with all the composure I could command.

"Well, I shall think the matter over," I said.

But I soon saw he was not to be satisfied with this reply. He began to argue and coax, growing more flushed every minute. By the time he had finished we were both on ou feet, he excited to the highest pitch.

"It will cost you absolutely nothing to leave her to me," he cried, clutching the table to steady himself. "Do you promise?"

"For heaven's sake, quiet yourself, man, and—"

But before I could take in his desperation his pistol was at my breast and he demanded the promise. Now, I had never decided that Helen was the girl I wanted as a life-partner, but I then and there felt in that moment's time that her friendship was the one pleasure of life that I did not want to give up, much less to the man before me. Anyway, I thought I could sober Arnold in a short time and take him home. Catching his arm and quickly turning the pistol from me, I struck him full in the face, sending him to the floor with a thud.

He was indeed sobered; for as I knelt over him to see if he was stunned, I found a deep gash in his left temple where this head had struck the sharp edge of the leg of the huge table. I grabbed a glass half full of wine from the table and dashed it in his face, shaking him violently in the wild hope that he would show some sign of life, but in vain, and the vacant stare of those eyes I shall never forget!

Vividly does that scene come to me now, years after, with its resulting train of circumstances which so changed my life. As yesterday, I remember the two club-mates whom I called in to help me get poor Arnold home, the blame which the boy's family placed on me, the circumstantial evidence which my lawyer said was so against me. It was then that I decided to leave for the West, where I might try to forget my troubles and the distrust of many of my old friends.

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It was months after. The afternoon was sultry—the sun beat down upon everything as unrelentingly as if it had been noon. Only at rare intervals was the heat relieved by the momentary intervention of a cloud. I sat on the steps of my bungalow on one of the loveliest plains in Texas. Yes, I had built a bungalow on my ranch and was succeeding unusually well in ranch life.

I sat alone with my thoughts that afternoon, I had dismissed the negro boy, Joseph, and he had gone out with the dogs. And thus alone, I was living again with my old friends in my old home, which I had been forced to leave. True, I had made a comfortable fortune on my ranch, but was not satisfied. In the first place I was not taking the slightest interest in my work. I was impatient to get to my life work medicine. Driven as I was, an exile and supposed murderer, from my home where I had just begun to see my way clear to success, I could do nothing but wait and bear it. I did not have the heart to start a practice in any of those small western towns even had I thought it would pay me.

Sitting there, I wondered what one of my friends, Helen Mowbray, thought of me. Did she believe as the most of them did that I was a murderer? Or, did she think of me at all? I had often, since my exile, asked myself these questions. tions. Helen and I had always been the best of friends, but I had no idea just how much her friendship had meant to me until now. I must confess that most of waking hours and some of my sleeping hours were devoted to thoughts of her. She was doubtless married by now and I thought I could guess to whom, for she had often spoken in the highest terms to me of Welby James. Welby deserved her, too, if anyone did. There was not a more steady, unselfish whole-hearted fellow in the world. How well I recalled that firm, sympathetic hand-grasp and those words of cheer as I told him goodbye. Dear old Welby! I was innocent of how much you were sacrificing at that very moment for me!

At last I woke from my reverie and raising my head from my hands, I saw that the sun was fast sinking. Presently Joseph came walking up the path, the dogs at his heels and I was just about to send him on an errand when we were startled by a loud, continuous crashing sound. Wheeling around, I looked in the direction from which the sound had come and the scene which met my eyes was enough to make one's blood run cold. I had turned just in time to see the results of

horrible head-on collision between an east-bound freight train and the six o'clock west bound passenger. The cars were rolling down the steep embankment, some upside down, some on end. The bursting of an engine boiler was adding to the fearful din and drowning the cries of panic-stricken passengers. I hurriedly instructed Joseph to follow with ax and saw and then dashed off through the pasture.

I was soon upon the scene of disaster and confusion. Upon inquiry I learned that, fortunately, there happened to be a surgeon on board unhurt, and he had a number of the wounded and dead already rescued from the wreck and laid out on the grass. Joseph having come up, without further delay I broke into the nearest car, and dragging myself through the opening I began to look about for the injured. But this car had evidently been emptied and I was about to crawl out again when I heard a groan. Scrambling back I called to the person and for answer got another groan. Following up the sound, at last I came upon a man pinned, face down, under a seat. With much difficulty I dragged him out, and turning him over, recognized to my horror my old friend, Welby James.

"Good heavens, Welby!" I said, "is this you? This is Southton."

"Robert Southton, you—thank God!" and with the words he fell back unconscious. My mind was in a whirl but I got him out of the car somehow, as best I could, and seeing that I could be of no more assistance with the rest (a relief train being already on the way) with Joseph's help I got him home and in bed.

It was then that I was glad beyond measure that I had steadily kept up my study of medicine all these vacant months, for I saw at once that I it would require the utmost care and skill to bring Welby through. And with what zeal I worked day and night! I was once more at my chosen work. The thought that this was most probably the husband of Helen

Mowbray by no means lessened my determination to defeat death.

Night and day he tossed in a delirium. One evening I was sitting as usual by his bed when I heard him speak Helen's name. I had noticed his delirious talk very little before this, but I listened now with something of reverence. He called the name several times and I waited for what was to follow. Presently I heard him speak distinctly and repeat several times these words, "Helen, will you be my wife?"

So the question that had been on my mind for so many months was at last solved. I was glad, exceedingly, that she had such a husband and I knew that they both deserved each other, yet an empty feeling, a loneliness, which I cannot describe, crept over me. All night I sat by the bed of the unconscious man and thought of the past. The presence of this man seemed to take me back among my old friends. The one who most often recurred to my mind was Helen, now Mrs. James. The delirious man on the bed spoke of her again and again, and I found how passionately he loved her. Ah, well I remember how it flashed on me that I too loved her desperately. I had always had a vague hope that I could some day return to my native town and that I should see Helen the same sweet beautiful young woman that she was when I left. But not until now that I knew she was lost to me, did I find out just how great had been her influence over my life.

Yet, if it could have been possible, I fought even harder than before and at last had the satisfaction of seeing my patient begin to improve. For several days after he regained consciousness I would not let him talk. I stayed out of the room and came in only when it was necessary that I should be there.

One morning, however, I saw that he could stand to be silent no longer and he had been improving so rapidly that I determined to let him talk a little while. I walked up to the bed and grasped the hand that was not bandaged.

"Let me congratulate you on your recovery, sir. You really don't know what a serious condition you were in and

I'm inclined to believe that it was not all due to your Herculean constitution," I added mischievously. He evidently did not understand my allusion for he spoke seriously.

"Indeed, Robert, I know I should never have gotten well had it not been for your skill. I have always known that you were born for a doctor. Is this your home?"

I explained everything.

"And," I added, "let me congratulate you again on having secured the one thing which makes a home worth living it." Then I asked him about Helen and I believe he noticed an unsteadiness in my voice, as I called her name. A smile passed over his face but only for a moment. Then he held out his hand and with a look in his eyes, I shall never forget, he said, "No, Southton, that happiness is not for me. It is for one who is as innocent of the fact as a babe. If I did not know you, I would say you didn't deserve her; but I know that you have loved her all along, though you yourself have never suspicioned it. Allow me to congratulate you."

"But," I stammered, amazed, "You—she married you—didn't she? That was practically all you talked of when you were delirious. I heard you sak her to be your wife—and she—'

I waited fully a minute before I got an answer.

"She said yes at first, Southton, but I knew the moment she said it that something was wrong. And I immediately set to work to find out what the matter was." Then he told me how she had told him that she did not love him and could only give him her highest esteem. Then, noble Welby, seeing that his happiness could never be complete, immediately set about to do what he could for hers.

"I had suspicioned that she loved you for a long time"—he tried to speak lightly but I could see that it was an effort —"so I saked her if it was you. To my surprise she burst into tears, but recovering immediately she began rebuking me for not having already cleared your good name."

"And, sir," he continued, "after I left I began thinking the matter over seriously. You remember that rascal, Jack

Horne, whom you thrashed that night for insulting that old lady? Well, a few nights after this interview with Helen, I came upon him in a saloon, as drunk as he could be, and talking, or rather swearing and cursing, to a crowd of men. I started out the door again at the repulsive sight, when I heard him call your name. At this I pretended that I had left something and walked back in, taking my seat with my back to the crowd. I heard him among other things, swear that he had been hidden behind the club-room door on that disastrous night; that Arnold had paid him to stay there in case he needed help. He described everything so accurately that it put me to planning and a few days later I had Sir Jack in my private office. Through a little arguing and a small bribe I had at my disposal a written confession of the whole affair.

"And now your good name is established all over New York again, sir, where a short time ago only two people believed you innocent. I have come to take you back, but I didn't dream that I'd get this kind of a reception," he added with a wave of his thin hand. This last he said with a mock seriousness which I knew was assumed to hide his emotion.

I was overpowered. So he had sacrificed his own happiness to mine! And my name was cleared at last! I made a feeble attempt to thank him but my emotion got the better of me, and I ended with my head in my hands.

"Don't thank me," he said, "it's her you'll thank. I assure you I wouldn't be here now in this fix if it hadn't been for her. And now, Southton, I hope if you were such a blockhead as not to see that she cared for you before, you can see it now. When will we be able to travel?"

We turned our faces eastward in two weeks from that day.

P. C. M.

Jack and Sid and Mag.

Sidney Morgan sat in the coach of a Southern-bound train. He had assumed a rather slouchy attitude, his feet were cocked in a slovernly manner upon the seat in front, his soft felt hat rested at a dignified angle upon the rear of his well shaped and intelligent looking head. He was returning home from college and as he could give a good account of himself his heart grew lighter as he passed every mile. He had his sheep-skin in his trunk and could write A. M. after his name from a college that meant something.

He had always stood well in his classes, and now that he had graduated first in his class. he had every reason to feel proud of himself. He was not what you would call an athlete, nor an ideal college sport, but above all he possessed that charming quality of making fast friends. He won the hearts of men and women alike. No one cared to ascribe any reason, but his subtle charm was much talked of and much coveted.

One look at him deserved another,—his faultless attire, his clean and healthy skin, his well chiseled features, rich brown hair, and fearless eyes, gave an impression not soon to be forgotten. He had no fear of the future, whch seemed to be assured. Of a rich Southern family, socially equal to any in the country, he was heir to a considerable fortune and a social position much to be envied. And with this first class education he could rightly claim a position of prominence in his community.

His thoughts rambled to his mother's tender embrace and his father's silent but impressive handshake; and then another figure took a very prominent place in his thoughts. He saw the figure of a graceful and beautiful girl as she last bade him goodbye. Standing on the platform of the station, she had waved him an affectionate "au revoir," with the glow of excitement on her cheeks. Sidney Morgan and Margaret Randolph had grown up together from childhood. The families had owned adjoining plantations and were on

terms of closest intimacy. Ever since he had left home for college, five years before, he had realized his great love for Margaret, though never a word had he spoken to her. He often wondered whether this companion of his youth had ever thought of him as anything but a friend or a brother. He realized only too fully that it was she who could either make or un-make his life. As intimated, he had never told her of his love, for his fine nature had forbidden him to offer himself only as a lover, and as his father's heir, but now that he had proved his worth he decided to lay himself at her feet as a well rounded man, and to find out whether his love was returned.

The sudden stopping of the train awoke him from his reflections and before he well knew it he was surrounded by a group of familiar faces. He was half-conscious of shaking hands with everybody as fast as he could, but all else was dream. At last he was seated in a carriage with his mother and father. "It seems so much like a dream," he said, "to see so many familiar faces,—how's everybody and Margaret?"

His mother smiled, "Everybody, and Margaret? She is as fine as ever, and says that she is just dying to see you. Only the young lady's reserve kept her from the train. You know she's a full grown lady now. She'll meet you at the door I suppose. She has been almost as excited over your coming as I have."

Sydney blushed with pleasure but not without his mother and father seeing it, and they smiled at each other.

"But you have told us nothing of yourself, Sid," said his mother, "you look well, though."

"As well as I look. Exams did not work me much. I hated dreadfully to part with Jack, but he is coming to see me this winter, and I know everybody will fall in love with him." A prophecy—little did he realize how true it was to be!

As the carriage stopped a vision in white, surmounted by a braid of golden hair, came running out to greet him. "How glad I am to see you at last, Sid, I thought the last week

would never pass," all the while holding his hand, looking at him as tenderly as a sister might, "I wish I were ten years younger," she said, dropping his hand, "I'd feel like kissing you."

Sidney smiled at this. How much he would have given to have been ten years younger! When after a little while Sidney found himself alone in his room, he soliloquized, "She certainly seemed glad enough to see me, but still she might not be in love with me. I'll soon know, though. But I am almost afraid. When I think what a big fine fellow Jack is, I wonder how a girl could love a fellow like me,"—but pessimism was not Sidney's nature and he encouraged himself by saying, "faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

After tea, Margaret and Sidney went around to the further end of the porch. They naturally had much to speak of, so they talked late. Sidney told her of Jack Ratliff, and of his expected visit.

"I certainly would like to see him," she said, "he must be a sort of hero from your description,—'tall and athletic, handsome and attractive, aristocratic and wealthy,'—I'll never be satisfied until I see him."

"O, you'll like him," Sidney assented, "I can't say too many nice things about him."

"If he is that nice, Sidney, I'll have to fall in love with him,"

The remark, purely a joke, brought Sidney to his feet, "Margaret," he said tenderly, "tell me you don't mean that —tell me you were just joking."

"Why, you silly boy," she laughed, "of course I was. I'll no more fall in love with him than I will with—with anyone. I am not in love with anyone," and she saw a slight shadow pass over Sidney's face, "What's the matter, Sidney," she asked, "don't mind what I say."

He took his seat beside her. "Margaret," he said, gently taking her hand, "I have something to tell you. I've known it a long time but never dared tell you until I had finished college

and had shown you I was worth something. I want to tell you how I love you. Even when I was little my one object was to please you. I climbed trees, chased butter-flies, picked flowers,—all for you. Now it's more than that; it's a man's love I offer you. It hurt me to hear you speak of falling in love with another fellow, even if it is Jack. Tell me, Margaret, do you love me?"

The tears came to Margaret's eyes as she looked upon his handsome face and read the love that was there. She hated to say what she knew she must, but she realized that it had better be said now than later.

"Sid," she murmured, "I don't mean to hurt you. I love you, you know, but you're a brother and not a lover to me now. I may, I hope I may learn to love you so some day, but not now. I don't love any man so now," Margaret could no longer restrain the tears as she saw the strained look on Sydney's face, but she realized that it could never be otherwise, although she could not tell Sidney so.

"That's all right, Mag," Sid answered with an attempt at joviality, "don't try, we will always be the best of friends, I can't ask more. I love you still the same—Come, it's getting late. I'll never mention it again."

Margaret could not speak a word all the way home. It hurt her beyond measure to deal such a blow to her dearest friend. As they reached the front door, Sidney took her hand, "Good-night, Mag," he said, "don't mind me, I'm all right," and he saw tears in her eyes as she gently pressed his hand.

Summer waned, autumn came on. Sidney saw Margaret every day, but true to his promise, he never spoke a word of love. The reserve that at first existed between them gradually wore off and the friendship deepened. Jack's approaching visit was the one thing of interest to them, together they made all the preparations for his reception on a grand scale.

Jack arrived one fine day in November. Sidney met him at the train and their greeting was a thing to be remem-

bered; there was nothing effusive, a hearty handshake that expressed volumes.

"And how's Margaret?" was Jack's first question. "Can I congratulate you?"

One look at Sidney stopped him, "Don't talk like that to me, Jack. I'll tell you all about it some day.'

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan met the boys at the door. They greeted Jack cordially, and as Sidney had predicted loved him from the first. He was such a fine fellow, no show about him. He inspired trust even at a glance. The mother and father became as enthusiastic over him as was Sidney.

Margaret came over to tea and the evening passed off very pleasantly. She and Jack were friends from the start and Margaret confided to Sidney that his friend was all he had pictured him to be. Sidney could not notice without a pang how readily they took to each other; and it was Jack, not Sidney, who took Margaret home that night.

Jack could hardly wait until he got upstairs to begin talking. "Why I am about ready to fall in love with her myself," he said. "If you get her, Sid, you want to congratulate yourself." Looking up he surprised a slight frown on Sidney's face. "Tell me about it, old man," he said

And Sidney told him the story. Jack became indignant and thundered, "Well, she hasn't got as much sense as I gave her credit for. Refuse you, Sid, the best fellow in the world! Shucks, I wonder what she's looking for! Well, you love her and as far as I am concerned she's yours—I'll not fall in love with your girl."

Many pleasant days following. The two saw Margaret constantly, and had something planned for every day. It was a revelation to see the friendship between these two boys. Brothers could not have been more loving toward one another.

Between Jack and Margaret a fast friendship sprung up. Many times Jack asked himself very abruptly whether he were falling in love with this girl to whom he would never have

any right. Regardless of his promise never to fall in love with Margaret he felt the strings tightening and before he knew it he realized how dear Margaret had grown to be to him. He could not but realize with evident satisfaction the pleasure she seemed to manifest at his attentions. The slight flush that mounted her cheeks showed that she felt his presence. So he decided that rather than come between Sidney and Margaret he would leave and never come back.

Sidney, too, noticed the intimacy and felt with an inward pang of grief that fate was bringing together these two—his best friends—in a way that would most hurt him.

So one night in the secrecy of their room, these two frends settled this point.

"Sid," said Jack, "you consider me your friend, don't you?

"Why, of course, Jack; my dearest and best."

"Well, I've betrayed your trust in me. I have come here at your invitation, stayed in your home, and pretended to be your friend; yet I've fallen in love with the girl you love. I am afraid, I don't exactly know, but she likes me pretty well. Thank God, I am enough of a man to leave before I tell her! Sid, I've got to go tomorrow. I won't stay here to injure you and ruin my honor."

Sidney could find no answer to this sudden outburst. It took away his breath. But he collected his scattered thoughts and going close to his friend he put both hands on his shoulders.

"Jack, Jack," he said, "Margaret loves you! I've seen it, too. And she betrays it in every thing she does. It caused me a little pain at first to see it; but if you two, my dearest friends love, each other, do you think I would stand in your way? I would be betraying my friendship for you."

Jack could contain himself no longer. Sob after sob shook his great frame.

"Oh, Sid!" he cried, "forgive me. I must go. Do you think a gain at your expense would give me any pleasure? What would life be worth to you without Margaret?—

what would life be worth to me if I knew you were unhappy? My duty is plain to me, and so I must go."

Sidney begged long and hard, but Jack was firm, and, as usual, had his way. So the next day Jack, much to the surprise of all, left. His farewell to Margaret was brief and formal; and, though she tried hard not to show it, his departure hurt her very much.

"He'll come again, Mag," said Sidney. "I can't get along without him.

As he spoke, he saw a tear in her eye.

"What's the matter, Mag?" he said gently, "Remember I am your brother, so you must tell me everything."

But Margaret only sobbed the more.

"Tell me," Sidney murmured, "do you love Jack?"

No answer came.

"Margaret," he said, "do you know why Jack left? He told me last night that he had fallen in love with you and he felt he had betrayed my trust in him, and thought that if he left, you might still come to love me. I knew better, but he could not see it in that light. So he left this morning without saying a word of his love to you. But I tell you now. Answer me, Mag. Do you love Jack?"

Margaret could only nod her head.

"I thought so," said Sidney, "but how to get Jack back I don't know."

It was a sad occasion that saw these three together again. Sidney was to be the agent that brought Margaret and Jack together again, but in a way he knew not.

This young fellow, in the prime of his life, at the threshhold of a prosperous future, the idol of his family and of two very close friends, was taken away by an All-wise Providence.

Hardly a month had passed since Jack's sudden departure when he was suddenly called to see that friend of his die and leave a gap behind him in the lives of many that would never be filled.

The twilight of an evening early in January found Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, with Margaret and Jack, around a death bed. 'Twas the death of one who, even in dying, was to cause some joy on earth.

"Jack," murmured Sidney, "I told Margaret what you said—You won't mind—It will be for the best—and, Mag, I am going to tell Jack. She loves you, Jack. She told me so." He took each of them by the hand and said:

"I want to know before I die that you will take her, Jack. I loved her, but she is better off with you. Kiss her once, Jack, before I go. Now, kiss me, Mag—he won't mind—"

Margaret kissed him, and a few minutes later his eyes were closed forever.

"He was a friend worth having," said Margaret.

"Yes," said Jack, "a man never had a better friend."

JOHNNIE GASS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER IN AMERICA.

MAY 5th. I am glad I followed Jack's advice. This little town is charming. It is what like one reads of the "Old South." The streets are narrow, and the sidewalks, or "banquets," as the natives call them, are from one to six feet above the roadway. There are liveoaks and cedar trees, and the sidewalks of some streets are covered with overgrown hedges of Cherokee rose, planted a hundred years ago. The houses are old, and have an air of keeping apart from the hoi-polloi. In fine, the place is one of the numerous homes of the impoverished Southern aristocracy; and about it has grown a modern element which attempts, rarely succeeding, to break into the solid phalanx of "Old Families." It is a quiet, restful place, as if the very air held in it the subtle poison of the lotus.

MAY 6th. I do not know when I shall leave here. The infinite quiet and peace have taken upon me a hold which I

find hard to shake off. To spend one's days lounging in the dingy offices on Lawyers' Row, or to be one with the idlers who gather daily upon the green plot between dusty road and brick pavement, there to sit in back-tilted chairs beneath a spreading oak, and authoritatively discuss national politics, or, better still, when the train which leaves at seven o'clock in the morning, returns at five in the afternoon, to go with the crowd to the postoffice and wait for the opening of the mail!

MAY 7th. I saw a pretty girl today—Not that I have not seen them before; but this one is in some way different from, or above, the others. I guessed her age to be about eighteen years, though she is quite possibly younger. Her hair is yellow—not golden, but yellow, and thick; though, on second thoughts, it might not all be hers. She is slender, but not tall; and I think no one could call her beautiful. I think the adjective, "aristocratic," is hers by right of fitness, as I'm sure it is by birth. Her attractiveness was the more marked by contrast with the flamboyant, black-haired, red-cheeked girl who walked beside her. I found afterwards that they two, with others, were out shopping from "college"—for there is a college here; at least, that is what it is called. In point of fact, it is a preparatory school. They teach principally, so I learned from some conversation I heard today—"Music, Art, and Expression," with a little French and English for those who do not care for the first three.

MAY 8th. At the college there is to be a "Recital." The public is invited, so I shall go, perhaps. I do not care for that sort of thing; it probably will be a mediocre performance by mediocre performers. I used to see and hear them quite often when my sister was at boarding school. But I am going in order to learn more of that girl. I shall be sadly disappointed if she is like other school girls of my acquaintance. She needs only to be as she looks and she is perfect. She is as dainty as a flower.

MAY 9th. I am disgusted and mad all through. For two long hours I have endured with angelic patience the roar of the

"Polish Dance" played with a continuously held damper pedal, a monotonous "Cradle Song," and the agonized shrieks of a rebellious violin. I even applauded the "Interpretation," by a fat little blonde, of "Young Lochinvar." And not once during the interminable evening have I caught a glimpse of "Miss Flower." I looked everywhere for her, but she was not to be found.

MAY 10th I saw "Miss Flower" today. I was going with one of my new found friends to spend the day fishing. We passed by the College at about eight o'clock, and the grove in front was filled with girls. Down at the fence there was a group talking to three or four boys who stood on the outisde. "Miss Flower" was there. She was dressed in white, as she was the first time I saw her. She wore a big hat with pink ribbons.

MAY 11th. I had as well give up and acknowledge that I, who in all my thirty years never loved a woman, have at last lost my heart to a pretty little girl not yet out of school. Today being Sunday, I went to church. The service was better than I expected it to be. The music is good, and so is the preacher. It is the custom here for the town-people to invite their out-of-town friends to "spend the day" with them on Sunday. I was feeling rather lonely, being, seemingly, the only stranger, until the gentleman with whom I had gone fishing invited me to go home with him. Oh, happy I! He is "Miss Flower's" uncle! and she always stays over Sunday at his home. "O terque quarterque beatus!" I have at last met the object of my affections.

MAY 12th. After carefully considering the matter, I have decided to try winning "Miss Flower" for my own. Oh, the hopes and fears that are a lovers! Suppose—but I won't suppose—she is too young to be already betrothed. When one loves as I do, he surely can not fail.

MAY 13th. Invitations are out for a reception to be given for the graduating class by the Juniors. Some kind friend has gotten one for me.

MAY 16th. The reception is over. I went, and so did "Miss Flower." She was in white and looked charming, as usual. I am afraid I made myself somewhat conspicuous by my attentions to her.

MAY 18th.—Sunday. I called upon Miss Flower and took her driving this afternoon and to service at the church this evening. Her name is Flowers, by a curious coincidence.

MAY 22nd. The "Music Graduates' Recital" was pulled off tonight. Miss Flowers played. There is more music in her playing than in that of the others—or perhaps I only imagine so.

MAY 23rd. "Commencement" is in full swing now. As fast as once reception or recital ends another begins. And I am going to all in hope of seeing **her.**

MAY 24th. Commencement Sunday. No chance to speak to Miss Flowers.

MAY 25th. "Grand Concert" tonight. Nothing in it. I did not see Miss Flowers.

MAY 26th. Today was **the** day. The diplomas were delivered and the essays were read. The graduates were all in white with white roses in their hair. Each as she came forward to read her essay was as pale as a little ghost and had quite evident trouble in keeping a steady voice. I do not remember what they said—the usual trite things, I suppose. My attention was fully occupied with slim little Miss Flowers.

I am as undemonstrative as the typical Briton, but the depth of my feeling is as great as the next one's. I cannot "rhapsodise."

I sent upon the stage to Miss Flowers seven boxes of candy. I went all over town in search of flowers, but even though the yards were filled with them, I could get none for love or money. They were being saved for the graduates. She received many exquisitely beautiful flowers, but I was sorry I could not give her any.

MAY 27th. Today there was a reception given by the alumnae. There were many small tables arranged in the shade of the trees in front of the college. The usual things were eaten and said.

JUNE 28th. The lotus-life is beginning to pall. I read in yesterday's paper the announcement of Miss Flowers's engagement and approaching marriage. I cannot express my desolation. I shall leave here as soon as possible. I have already stayed too long.

JUNE 29th. I saw Miss Flowers fiance. He has been in the North since March and I had never seen him before. He is the usual country lawyer—about forty years of age, with a rotund figure and slightly graying hair, blue linen trousers and a black alpaca coat.

JUNE 30th. I am in the city. I could not stay longer and watch my happiness taken from me. Perhaps someday when I am bald-headed and fat I shall go back and find Miss Flowers, or she who was Miss Flowers, thin instead of slim with gray hair. Who knows?

M. B. L.

College Politics.

Hammil Smith sat in a deep rocking chair, rather he lay in it with his feet propped on the window seat in his room at Knox College. He was smoking, and out of half-closed eyes he watched the little spires of smoke as they ascended. He delighted in being alone for a short period of rest when he could dream and in fancy see the mystic forms of coquettish and winsome maidens flitting in the air about him.

To a rap on the door he hallooed, "Ha! You two-legged nuisance, come in here!"

"Hammil, what's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Hello, Carter, I didn't know that it was you, of course; but I'm as tried as thunder and I had just settled down for a rest, and a thoughtful smoke."

"Supper time? Gee! I thought I had time to talk over a few things with you. Let's go to supper now and talk when we get back."

"Just as you say, that that I care, Carter, old man."

: : : : : :

"I say, Hammil, that bull-neck was tough. I've sworn several times that I'd leave that place, but I still stick."

"Exercise, strenuous exercise, is good for a fellow, isn't it? Well, ought not the same to be true of your stomach? An athletic stomach?"

"O, I see you have started your fool witticisms again. I thought before supper that you were a bit serious."

"What did you come to discuss, old pal? Get one of those pipes and we'll talk it over between puffs. I have an idea what you are worrying about, but I'm sure there's no cause for worry."

"There's no denying it, we are up against a knot hard to crack. You know Burke, Jackson, Cox and I were selected as speakers for the year, and there is a movement on foot to send Jackson to the Inter-State contest instead of me. Hicks has agreed to swing the Dormitory crowd to him when the critical moment comes. The Phis are running Cox. You know he's no speaker, they simply do it to uphold their standard—in other words, at the proper time, they'll withdraw in favor of Jackson and they think the locals and non-fraternity men will give enough support to elect him. It was generally consided that I won the Belvit-Knox debaters contest, though Jackson made a strong speech. But because I lost the Junior Contest, when everyone know that I was at great disadvantage; a big bunch is working against me. They're fixing a way to sacrifice this Inter-State contest again."

"I'm sorry I was away all day, for I believe you could have done something in this for us. But what are you going to do about it now?"

"There's nothing to do, I am afraid. Burke and Jackson with the aid of their accomplice, Hicks, and of their dirty

work, got themselves elected to the speakers places and now they have combined with the Phis to give them the only two places worth having. Our whole college seems down on us for some unknown reason."

And so saying, Carter went out, leaving Smith to glower moodily at the fire and the endeavors in vain to find some consolation from his pipe. He had been sitting thus for perhaps an hour when we has aroused by the entrance of some one and heard Jack Felder's easy greeting, "Hello, Ham, what are you doing?'

"Thinking about this speakers' mess, Carter's just been telling me about it."

"That's what I came to see you about."

"I wish that we could show Burke and Hicks up in this matter. I don't believe Jackson had any knowledge of the mean, underhand motive behind Hicks' boosting him, for—"

"Had no knowledge of Hick's motive? It seems that you don't really know about it yet. If you'd say that, I am certain you haven't been fully informed of the rottenness of the whole affair."

"What is it that I don't know?"

"Burke and Jackson planned the whole thing; they planned an honor each and Hicks was to get one finger in the pie for giving his support. Burke, as you know, is a pretty smart fellow, and, this being his senior year, he longed to represent us at Chautauqua this summer. at Ocola. He is a great Y. M. C. A. leader and can muster most of the non-frat. strength. He and Hicks gave their support to Jackson and Jackson pretended to give his to us. Those sneaking scoundrels made it up between themselves to get the places they have by working us, which they did,— it was a smooth game. But that nauseous Hicks betrayed them when they failed to elect him President of the Philomathean Literary Society. You see, one rascal got 'done' by two others and he 'squealed,' and now the other frats, the faculty, and non-frat men will think we entered into a conspiracy with—"

"And that will just about be the end of us, for we are none too popular as it is.'

"The only hope I see can is to have Carter resign at once."

"Resign nothing—he was fairly chosen and he shall go. Besides, he's the strongest man in college, then why shouldn't he go?"

"Wait until you hear what I have to say, then you may blow up."

"All right, let's have it—out with it.'

"There's going to be some sort of trouble, besides the comment, about this speaker's affair. I believe the students are going to ask Jackson and Burke to resign and they may give Carter a knock. You see we can't deny the appearance of trickery with those fellows. And I say, take the short and sure way out of it. So I propose that we post a notice on the bulletin board in the morning stating that Carter has resigned his place in the contest, as it has been insinuated by some that he had gotten it by unfair means, and thus to prove his desire to do the right thing by his fellows."

Felder succeeded in satisfactory explaining to Smith their relation in the affair before he left him. And with a full understanding of the matter he was forced as were the other fellows to agree with Felder as to the best way to put an end to the trouble.

The next morning the notice was posted, signed by the whole fraternity.

You can imagine the comment it created. But it was convincing proof of the full intention of Carter and his fraternity to give every man in college a fair, above-board deal. From this it was also evident that they had from the first been fair, but misunderstood. And we shall see that honesty was rewarded.

At the mass meeting held that evening Carter was re-elected unanimously, while Jackson, Burke and Hicks were asked to give up their places of distinction and honor.

B. C. Buck.

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

I strolled along at even,
On the campus long ago,—
The western sky was radiant
With the sunset's rosy glow.

The great oak trees were silent,
And the evening air was still,
And all was calm and peaceful
As I stood on college hill.

I looked at all around me,
At the valley far below,—
My heart was filled with sadness,
For I knew that I must go.

At last, when I was weary,
In the grass beneath my feet
I saw a four-leaved clover,
And I read a message sweet.

Wherever I may wander,
Tho' in distant lands I roam,
This little four-leaved clover
Is a sign that I'll come home.—'09.

In Memoriam.

WHEREAS, God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take from our midst our dearly beloved friend and fellow-student, A. C. Anderson, and, whereas, knowing his life to have been upright and noble, and appreciating the beautiful Christian example which he has given us, therefore be it

RESOLVED, 1st: That we, the student body, bowing our heads in humble submission to the Divine decree, do sorrowfully mourn this great loss.

RESOLVED, 2nd: That, as members of the Young Men's Christian Association and Personal Workers' Band, we have lost one of our most unselfish, untiring, and loyal workers.

RESOLVED, 3rd: That we extend our profound sympathies to the bereaved parents, and his heart-broken brother.

RESOLVED, 4th: That a copy of these resolutions be inserted in the College publications, a copy spread on the minutes of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a copy sent to his bereaved family.

W. A. WELCH,
ROBERT H. RUFF,
T. H. STENNIS,

Committee from Young Men's Christian Association.

The Millsaps Collegian

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EDITORIALS

With this issue of THE COLLEGIAN the work of the present editor ceases. It is with regret that we bring to a close our work and give an account of our stewardship. We have accomplished little where there was much to be done. With a high standard already set by our predecessors, it was with trepidation that we entered into the work.

But the most hypercritical must admit that the editor has labored under insurmountable difficulties. Until recent years THE COLLEGIAN was the only College publication, and the task was difficult enough then to get out a monthly for

an unappreciative and unsympathetic student body. But we now have three publications, and one of them a weekly, where we once had one. Unfortunately our interest in such work has not increased in proportion as our publications have in number—in fact, it has not increased at all, and as a result, THE COLLEGIAN gets about one-third the support from the student body that it once did.

But THE COLLEGIAN must not die. It should and must be the most potent factor known to the Millsaps student. But making it what it should be is going to be a heroic task, and will require the brain and energy of a modern Ben Franklin. In order to do it he will have to have the ability for work of a Napoleon and the versatility of a Jefferson, or else have the power to interest and enthuse a stoic student body.

We trust the editor another year will realize at the beginning the immensity of his work, and will dedicate his talents to it. And of the student body, regardless of class or faction, we ask, in the name of Millsaps College, for the sake of her past and the hope of her future, that you rally to the support of the staff another session and help make THE COLLEGIAN what it should be, and remember not to criticise unless you have something better to offer.

To the Faculty, and those of the student body who have remained loyal, the members of the staff wish to extend their sincere thanks, and ask that they give the editors another session the same loyal support. And to our friends we wish to say, although we have come to the close with broken plans and baffled hopes, that we have labored the best we could and have no pleas to make or excuses to render.

We also wish to thank our advertisers for their financial support, for without it our publication would not have been possible.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

THOS. A. STENNIS, Editor.

On Saturday, May 8th, 1909, Millsaps suffered one of the saddest losses in its history. Mr. A. C. Anderson, a leading member of the Sophomore class, had carried a party of children from the Orphanage several miles out in the country to the Country Club for an outing. About one o'clock some of the smaller boys upset their boat and were thrown into the water. Anderson went to the rescue, and after heroically saving two of them, started for the third. Unfortunately he never returned, and he and the little boy drowned before the eyes of the horror stricken children who stood on the lake's bank.

Anderson was a good man and well liked. He was the President of his class, and a leader in the Y. M. C. A., and other phases of college life. He has lived a short but useful life, and his harvest will be rich.

We are glad to greet our Bobashela. The editors are to be congratulated upon having it out on time for the first time in lo these many years. It is a neat, and well gotten up volume, and, as for order of arrangement and substance, surpasses any Bobashela yet issued. The binding is not of the expensive kind, but it is durable and serves the purpose very admirably.

Let the boys all come up with their part now as the Board has done its best. We would prefer to close our ears to the report that some of the boys in College who subscribed for Annuals have refused to take them. We cannot believe that there is a man in school with such a poor, sickly, contemptible sense of duty, honor, and responsibility. We are proud of our Annual and let's not let it come out in debt!

The Millsaps-Southern University Debate.

Messrs. R. J. Mullins and R. H. Ruff have returned from Greensboro, Ala., where they joined the Southern University in the annual debate. Messrs. Mullins and Ruff handled the affirmative side of the question: "Resolved, That the Protective Tariff Should be Abolished;" and although they were not victorious, we were ably represented. This is the third annual debate, and we have won in each contest prior to this one. We are all O. K., and satisfied with their work.

The following paragraphs are taken from the Mobile Register:

The third annual debate between Millsaps College, of Jackson, Mississippi, and the Southern University, was held in the University Chapel last night. The Southern University, with the negative side of the question, was awarded the decision.

The question read as follows:

"Resolved, That the Time has come when the United States Should Abolish her Protective Tariff." Millsaps College was more than creditably represented by Robert Mullins and Robert Ruff, and the Southern University by J. Marvin Pennington and Lymann C. Brannan. The contestants for the two Colleges were radically different in their treatment of the subject. The Millsaps contestants argued as to the injustice of the whole protective tariff system from an economic and moral standpoint, making a clear differentiation between a protective tariff and a tariff for revenue. Their argument was superb and involved a deep treatment of the subject as an economic one. The question seemed to have been decided on a mere technicality as to the time of the abolishment, which was ably contended for and brought out by the Southern the University.

Mr. Mullins had a very strong argument for Millsaps. Mr. Pennington for the Southern University, followed him and brought out the time feature. Mr. Robert Ruff, of Millsaps, came next and delivered one of the strongest and best

speeches ever delivered by an undergraduate in the University Chapel, and many thought he had the best speech of the evening. He possesses a magnificent personality for a young orator and gives promise of a brilliant future. Mr. Brannan, for the Southern University, came last, and debated splendidly.

Mr. Thomas L. Bailey requests that we publish the following note, which is self explanatory:

To THE STUDENTS:—I desire to express my sincere appreciation for the manly way in which you supported me at Greenwood in the recent M. I. O. A. Contest. Continue to support your man as you did me and the "hoo doo" must sooner or later be vanquished.

Gratefully yours, THOMAS L. BAILEY.

Dr. J. M. Sullivan, of the Science Department, will leave in a few days for the University of Chicago, where he expects to continue his postgradute work.

The Freshmen and Sophomore co-eds have shown conclusively that they are in favor of all kinds of athletics. On the evening of May 17th the Freshmen athletes were invited to the Galloway Literary Society Hall, where they were enabled to drown all bitter recollections of defeats on the base-ball diamond, and to forget all bumps and bruises received on the gridiron, while eating dainty creams, cakes, and candies, served by those popular members of the class of 1912—the Co-eds. On the following Tuesday night, in spite of a violent rain storm, the Sophomore heroes were recieved in the Lamar Society Hall by the young lady members of their class, where they celebrated their many victories which resulted in the winning of both the base ball and foot ball series by their representatives.

The members of the Preparatory classes have organized and placed on a firm foundation a literary society, which, if

correctly conducted, will, in the course of time, play an important part in our College life. The "Preps" have shown their good taste and excellent judgment by naming their society for the immortal Prentiss.

Misses Johnson, Parks, Folkes and Ricketts, chaperoned by Mrs. Walmsley, attended the Contest at Greenwood on the fourteenth.

Bailey, Mullins and Stennis were the judges in a high school declamation contest at Florence on the night of the 19th.

D. Thomas Ruff, '08, has joined the class of '09, and is doing work leading to the B. S. degree. We are glad to have Tom with us, but hope that he will not bring us bad luck. He is the thirteenth member of the class.

Miss Bertha Louisa Ricketts was our sponsor at the M. I. O. Contest. How was it possible that we lost with such a sponsor!

Up to date only three poor Seniors have been encored on final examinations. (But the second exam. costs only three dollars.)

Although we are tied to mother's apron-string and can not play ourselves. we enjoyed the A. & M.—Uniersity ball game on the 14th immensely. Bob Mitchell pitched a star game but had bad support that day. We are proud of him and only wish we were in the S. I. A. A. and Bob had stayed at Millsaps.

Misses Elizabeth Dameron, Marie Atkinson and Evelyn Folkes, chaperoned by Mrs. Dameron and Mrs. Folkes, were among the Jackson visitors to the Contest at Greenwood.

Several of our fellows are playing on the various teams of the City Baseball League: Buck and Reed pitch for Brown's, Dunlap and Rip Peeples and Morse also play on Brown's; "Tige" Applewhite and Rankin pitch for the Bankers, "Puss" Ricketts is their catcher, Spann also plays with the Bankers;

David Thoms, Charley Ryals, Will Huntley and Therrel are with McCleland's.

We are grateful to Miss Lucile Merritt for her services in decorating Millsaps headquarters in Greenwood so attractively.

Ask Ed Brewer about Belhaven girls visiting in town. Teachers always appear at the most inopportune time.

Mr. Robt. H. Ruff, of the Junior Class, Editor-in-Chief of The Hoodlum, has been recently seriously afflicted with Mumps.

Mr. Ben Tindall, an ex-student of Millsaps, was on the campus a few days since.

Dr. L. F. Barrier, '05, who has recently completed a post-graduate course in medicine, spent several days with friends and club-mates in town and on the campus, recently. It was quite a familiar sight to those of us who have been here for some years, to see old "Sol" strolling across the campus, and his visit reminded us of old times. "Sol" is not married yet.

"Whispers" Brooks, who has been out of school for some weeks, has returned.

Hendrix Mitchell is proud of his record at tackling in football, as shown forth in the cartoon in the Bobashela.

Charles Galloway has been called out of school on business; Charles is in business in Mississippi City.

The base ball season is over for us, and the Sophmores were victorious.

The speakers for the Senior Oratorical Contest have been selected as follows: Messrs. Bailey, Brooks, Mullins, Miss Ricketts, and Witt.

Commencement, with its attendant banquets and receptions, and general enjoyment, is close at hand. Examinations are over now, and we can enjoy the commencement festivals

with our minds free from care of studies. Boys, stay for commencement. It is the most profitable as well as the most enjoyable occasion of the college year.

On the evening of June 3rd, the Kappa Sigma boys entertain their friends at their annual banquet at the Edwards.

The Pi Kappa Alphas will entertain at their annual reception on Monday evening, June 7th.

On the following evening the Kappa Alphas hold forth at their annual reception.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

L. BARRETT JONES, Editor.

Kincaid's Battery.

In our opinion Kincaid's Battery, by George W. Cable, is the typical novel of the Civil War.

The story is worth reading from several view-points. In the first place, the author gives us a striking picture of Southern life "befo' de war," and especially of the old life of the Crescent City, when the Creoles were rich and influential.

The next scene worth of note is the manner in which the South prepared for the war. In it we see the assurance and the loyalty that has won for the men who wore the gray an everlasting glory, and for their wives and daughters a glory not less enduring.

The story is one of hearts, and of the various emotions that must fill a people's heart during civil war. It is the story of the time when the heart at one minute cried, "Oh, Lord! what next?" and the next was laughing away its fear because it must be brave.

The hero is Hilary Kincaid, a reckless, devil-may-care

fellow at times, yet one who felt to the depths when stirred. The author describes him as a ladies' man.

The horeine is Anna Callendar, a woman of the kind that can never be made to distrust a friend, and yet one who finds it impossible to confide in anyone.

For the love story, the best description of it is that it is an agreement to disagree.

Flora Valeour is a character worthy of mention. As a schemer for position and wealth she typifies to what extent woman will plot and lie.

The book is interestingly written, and is especially rich in description, which at times borders on superfluity. Also, at times, the Southerner's peculiar dialect is overdrawn.

The story closes with a prophecy for the New South, which today is fast regaining its old supremacy, and again bids fair to be the ruler of the nation..

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

BERTHA LOUISE RICKETTS, EDITOR.

The last issue of Ouachita Ripples has a number of interesting features. The three short stories are especially noteworthy. In "Sherlock Holmes Up-to-Date", the setting and plot are very attractive. The character drawing shows not only an insight into human nature, but considerable humor in the portrayal of it. The next story, "The Self-Centered Sambo," is delightful. We cannot but feel that the incident really occured some warm summer morning when chickens and vegetables were in demand. Indeed, the charm of the story lies in that it relates just such a thing as has often occurred. The old "Auntie", with her eggs and butter comes driving in from the country in her rattling buggy, behind a lazy, raw-boned horse, to sell her vegetables to "her white

folks," and tell them her troubles and joys. The story differs with the "Auntie", but "Aunt Mat" is typical of them all. "Westen of the 'Bar X' Outfit" is very well written. There is nothing new about the plot, but the story is quite interesting. "The Education of Women in France" gives a very entertaining account of the progress and development of schools for women, to take the place of the old incompetent convent instruction. The article on the "Improvement of American Waterways" presents an excellent view of the subject. The only adverse criticism we have to make is this: the magazine contains only one poem. This one, by the way, presents a very strong argument in favor of subscribing for the college annual. Apart from that, and the fact that it is rather cleverly gotten up, there is nothing in it to demand attention. The departments are, without exception, excellent.

The Spectator for March is quite an attractive magazine. The first article on "The Relation of the United States to Cuba", shows considerable study of the subject, and care in the composition. "Via the Michigan Southern" has little plot. The most noticeable feature is the writer's aptitude at description. The situation in "The Daughter of Toil" is a dramatic one; the characters are forcibly drawn.

The editorial on "Raising the College Curriculum" shows true college spirit—the desire to help it, and the students. The Departments are good, the Local Department especially entertaining.

The Hamiltonian contains some good material. "Influences which Develop Lady Castlewood's Character" is very well written—indeed this might be said of the entire contents of the magazine. The thought of "Determination" is good, the expression musical. The other pieces of verse, "Because You Trusted Me," is also deserving of mention. "The Pink Parasol" is simple, light, entertaining; the style is also pleasing. "Charcoal Sketches" contains some excellent descriptive paragraphs. The arrangement of material, however in this

magazine is not good. We would suggest that the literary matter be placed before the editorials and departments. The Hamiltonian is, in spite of this poor arrangement, a magazine of worth.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: The St. Mary's Muse, Ouachita Ripples, University of Mississippi Magazine, The Crimson-White, The College Reflector, Green and Gold, Andrew College Journal, The Hamiltonian, The Bessie Tift Journal, The Spectator, The Liberty College Student, Emory Phoenix, The University of Virginia Magazine, The Review and Bulletin, Hendrix College Mirror.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Gentle Annie.

De col' win's a-sighin' en a-moanin' kinder low,
It's a-sighin'
'Case it's dyin'
Fo' its time hab come ter go.

De snow drif's a-weepin', 'case its time hab come ter die,
It's a-weepin'
En a-creepin'
Frum de mountain top so high.

De bumble bee's a-bumblin' round his hole up in de jise,
He's a-bumblin'
En a-rumblin',
'Case de weather's feelin' nice.

De blue bird's a-figgerin' on a place ter build a nes',
He's a-figgerin'
En a-triggerin'
'Bout which place'll be de bes'.

De gray squhl's a-bahkin' en a-sassin' in de tree,
He's a-bahkin'
'Case he's spahkin'
Wid his lady love you see.

O, Gentle Annie am a-comin', you kin feel it in de iah,
She's a-comin'
En' a-humin'
En' a-smilin' ebery wheah!
—University of Virginia Magazine.

A school paper is a great institution. The editor gets the blame, the manager the experience, and the printer the money—if there is any.—Ex.

Little Tommy Whacken was taken by his mother to choose a pair of knickerbockers. His choice fell upon a pair to which a card was attached, stating: "These cannot be beaten."—Ex.

"She holds her head too high," you say;
"She's mean, I bet a dollar."
Alas! poor girl—let's pity her,
She wears a new style collar.—Ex.

In the parlor there were three:
Girl, the parlor lamp, and he;
Two's a company, no doubt
That is why the lamp went out. —Ex.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US.

The Millsaps Collegian for January was late in reaching us this month. "The Mysterious Letter", which is first in the issue, is rather vague in the beginning, in fact, too much so as we judge, though it is well written. "The Fruit of Cu-

riosity" is an interesting story and a well planned short story The Editorial Department deserves special mention, but we think the exchanges might be given more time for discussion. We are glad that the Millsaps students are feeling good and sure that they will win the Millsaps-Southern debate, but with the men we have selected to represent us on this occasion we are sure that our men will be victorious.—Review and Bulletin.

Our sympathy is aroused as the Millsaps Collegian comes to us so sadly in need of literary matter. The literary side of the Collegian has only thirteen pages to its credit, all of which appear to have been very hurriedly produced. The students should certainly read the editor's "Notice" and for the sake of their college magazine rally to the support of the staff. "Dried Butterflies" is a rather loosely constructed story, with not much trace of a plot. The noticeable feature—if indeed there is one—is the writer's aptitude for nature description. A little more than this may be said of "The Haunted House," which has the setting of a good plot. The plot could have been longer and more complicated, and then developed into a much more interesting story. The introduction—the description of the haunted house and the old Spaniard, is good, but the rest of the story falls short. More interesting than either of the above is "A Fortunate Mistake," which takes an incident in business life, and develops it into a fairly good short story. "The Easy Chair" is the most interesting feature of the Collegian.—Ouachita Ripples.

The Millsaps Collegian is a good college magazine. We have no criticism to make of it unless it be on the position of the advertisements in the magazine. Not always, but generally advertisements are placed after the reading matter in the best magazines. The departments seem to be well gotten up. —Hendrix College Mirror.

The Millsaps Collegian is a good magazine but shows a weakness in that it contains no heavy material. The editorials are good. The literary department is an interesting feature. —Green and Gold.

The subject matter of The Millsaps Collegian is up to its usual high standard. An article of current interest is, "A Plea for Justice to Poe."—Hamiltonian.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. J. MULLINS, Editor

What the Class of 1906 is doing:

R. B. Carr is a merchant at Pontotoc.

E. D. Lewis is a student at Vanderbilt.

E. C. McGilvray is minister at Terry

E. G. Mohler, Jr., is minister at Gulfport.

Frances Park is teaching English in the High School at Jackson.

J. A. Baker is an attorney at law at Pocahontas.

J. L. Neill, minister at Magee.

L. E. Price, student at Cornell.

H. E. Brister, merchant at Bogue Chitto.

J. E. Heidelberg is assistant cashier at Hattiesburg.

A. P. Hand, '05, will receive his M. D. at Tulane this session.

W. F. Murrah, '08, receives a M. A. at Vanderbilt, and Sing Ung Zung, '08, receives a M. S.

D. T. Ruff, '08, after having closed a very successful session as Principal of the Camden Graded School, has returned to Millsaps to do some post-graduate work. He was unanimously elected to succeed himself at Camden for another session.

H. B. Watkins, '99, preached the Commencement sermon at the Florence Graded School closing on May 19th.

W. P. Moore, '08, recently passed through Jackson en route home from Rolling Fork, where he has just closed a successful session as principal of the High School at that place. "Peter" seems to have given his patrons entire satisfaction, as he was unanimously re-elected.

C. G. Terrell, '07, was recently awarded license to practice medicine by the Mississippi Medical Board. He has spent two years in the Medical Department at Tulane.

L. F. Barrier, '05, was also given license to practice medicine in Mississippi, at the last meeting of the Board of Examiners.

J. R. Countess, '02, delivered the annual address to the graduating class of Rolling Fork Graded School on May 14th.

With this issue the present editor's duties as Alumni editor closes. This Department has not been as interesting as it should have been, and I am willing to bear my share of the blame, but in the future let us co-operate with the one who may be so unfortunate as to occupy this position and give him the necessary information to make this the most interesting part of our magazine.

How many old "Millsaps men" will "shake hands across the festive board," at the alumni banquet we are soon to hold? We hope to see a larger crowd here then than since you left your Alma Mater. It's a great class that is to enter your midst then, and of course we expect it to be a great occasion.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. M. GUINN, EDITOR.

Since the work of the Young Men's Christian Association is done by the committee system, the necessity of the committeemen entering upon their work with great diligence should be emphasized. To deal with such an important element as the life of men, and with such mighty forces as the truths of the Bible, and the world of missions, requires careful study of the work and a deep spiritual life. We must know our problems, if we want our efforts to count for the most. Otherwise, we will be found fighting "as one that beateth the air." The principal reason for having committees is to give a chance for the most important departments of the Association to be studied. To fail is not a disgrace, but to continue to fail in the same thing, because we have not taken time to think out the reason for our failure, is no less than sinful.

Every committee must have a regular time to meet and discuss the situation and needs in the special departments. Systematic work cannot exist without co-operation. Committeemen must settle on the same possible plan and after the plan has been formulated regular meetings must be held in order to make known their difficulties and learn how to overcome them. For a committee to be unwilling to meet regularly means that they are willing to fail in their work. Interest is a prerequisite to success, and there is no better method for creating and retaining interest than to have regular meetings and discuss the work in hand. At these meetings there should be developed a fellowship of prayer, a part that should never be neglected. In a work thus begun there will be developed a vision of something worth doing. Each one should feel that every turn has a part in shaping the character of those for whom this work is planned. Where a committee

fails to meet, you will as a rule, find the chairman doing the work by himself. One main object of the committee work is to train lower classmen to become leaders. When the chairman fails to give these men work to do, he fails to develop them and the work of the following session is crippled because men are not prepared to grasp the situation.

Besides this, when the work is done by one man it is not as broad in its scope as when it is done by several. If the chairman does the work alone, we have the fruits of his ideas; but if it is done by a set of men we have the fruits from the combination of ideas.

One of the evils which hinders the work of committees is that they try to do all their work at once in order to get it off their hands. This ought not to be. Like Livingston, who said when he decided to go to Africa, "It is my desire to show my attachment to the cause of Him who died for me by devoting my life to His cause," and later, "from this time my efforts were constantly devoted toward this object without any fluctuations, "we, too, must show our devotion to our work by not attempting to do it by fits and starts, but by making it an everyday business.

Formalism is a sin that is threatening all Christian organizations. If we would prevent the Association from drifting into this channel we must know our problems and seek divine guidance through careful study of the Bible and through prayer. Then our movement will be a growing one. Too often we hear men say, "I have done all that I think is necessary," when they have not trained their minds to think intelligently of their work. We are too anxious to believe there is nothing to do, when the harvest is white and the fields have not been surveyed. No man can be induced to play at trifles. If a work cannot prove itself hard enough and big enough and important enough to call out the heroic he will not continue it. The vision of the importance of the work must be constantly enlarged by the study of the difficulties which must be surmounted.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

C. C. HAND, EDITOR.

All is quiet along the track! No longer do we see half-dressed men trotting over the campus to the athletic field, or to the gymnasium; and the piercing yells of the baseball fans no longer rend the air. The training table with its strenuous physical contests has faded into the background, and the mighty athletes have gone into seclusion to prepare for the great mental tests now impending

But the athletics we have had is simply a starting point to the great athletic fame Millsaps is going to win in the near future. We have some of the finest athletic material here that has ever entered the walls of any college. The strong manly bearing and the splendid stature of so many of our young men are being slowly moulded into athletes that will soon rival the genii of the foremost colleges of the South. We have the material,—why not inter-collegiate athletics?

We have not been defeated in our fight for athletics, but we are looking forward each day with greater hopes. Let us console ourselves by believing that the bright pictures of victory which we have been painting will soon become real ones. We see victory in sight and we are rapidly approaching it, but we cannot cross the bridge until we get to it. Millsaps will some day grasp the sceptre of college athletics which has so long been wielded by a foreign hand, and in a few years climb from the last step of the ladder to the summit of athletic fame.

Let us watch two boys in the same college, one devoting his entire time to his studies, the other a reasonable amount of time to his studies and a part to physical exercise. We soon see the fervid glow of youth fade from the first boy's brow, and his muscles become weak and languid. We see the

second boy developing rapidly in physical strength, with a clear brain capable of grasping the hardest of problems.

We see them later in life, the first with a brilliant intellect, probably, but broken in health and unable to perform the duties demanded of him; we see the second boy, a strong, intelligent, broad minded man, bearing with ease and simplicity the burden allotted to him.

From this picture we draw our own conclusion. Our college days are simply a foundation for our after life, and if we do not develop our bodies equal to our minds, our lives will be complete failures. Here we must shape our bodies, our minds and our moral beings into a strong compact nature, in order to go through life with a clear and unstained record.

Now, let every man do his best on his examinations and go home and tell his parents that he has left a clean record behind him. If the ministers' sons will do this their fathers will do all in their power to promote those things which are good for the boys. Let us all go home in June and talk to our pastors and tell them of the need for athletics—and let the ministers' sons talk to their fathers, asking them to give us athletics. If each man will work individually, we will soon reap a great harvest of success.

Joe N. Carson